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THE

CHRISTIAN VICTOR;

OR,

MORTALITY AND IMMORTALITY:

INCLUDING

HAPPY DEATH SCENES.

BY J. G. ADAMS.

Whosoever liveth and believeth in me, shall never die. Believest thou this? — JESUS.

For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality. — PAUL.

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PREFACE.

This volume is intended as a successor to "The Christian's Triumph," issued by the author some years since; though more specially designed than that as a companion for the sick-room, and as a gift-book for the bereaved and mourning. The aim of the author has been to bring before the reader such representations of the New Testament instruction in respect to the present and the future life, as are needed at any hour of this transient earthly being; that the living may learn to die, the dying be sustained by the hope of Immortality, and the heart bereaved in the departure of some dear kindred or friend, have that faith which shall see the departed

"Not lost, but gone before."

The death scenes here presented are such as have occurred since the issue of the volume already alluded to. They are selections from

a great number, and are given on indisputable authority. Many of them appear in an original form here, though most of the facts have been recorded, within the last ten years, in our various religious publications.

The work is given to the public with a prayer that it may prove an acceptable companion of many a soul seeking Christian instruction and strength, consolation and peace.

J. G. A.

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THE CHRISTIAN VICTOR.

EARTHLY CHANGES—DIVINE IMMUTABILITY.

CHANGE is everywhere around us. Past and present reveal it; and if we look into the future, we behold it there, also. Let the imagination go where it will in the history of our planet, and this same lesson of mutation will be repeated, and the same admonition impressed upon the mind.

Trace back the path of history. Where is ancient Egypt, in her greatness and splendor? Where are Babylon, Rome, Carthage, — the towering and mighty, the boasting, the strong, the invincible? How they upreared themselves in the eyes of the nations, and hung out their banners of glory, and sounded their fame-trumpets to earth's most distant shores! They are gone now. Time clasped them, and they became dust in his hands.

Approach our own time. Come across the sea, and ask what this meaneth. Yonder is the council-fire of the red men. Their name is legion. They go forth in their tribes, and bid defiance to all the powers in array against them. They have said to themselves, These forests, hills, valleys, lakes and

streams are ours; and we will enjoy them forever. They go up and down in their pride and strength, and eat and drink in joy, and utter the song of peace. If we look again, another race is seen in their hunting grounds, on their hills, in their valleys, and beside their still waters. The white man has come; and where once stood the humble wigwam in the light of the summer sun, or the winter moon, or the glaring council-fire, now ascend the spires of a people who teach not the traditions of the Indian prophet, but the oracles of the only living and true God.

And, even in our own nation, what change! How great the difference, throughout its wide domain, between the present and the past! What new scenes have arisen — what new enterprises, actions, thoughts, plans, hopes, fears revealed themselves! And who shall calculate the future?

Thus everywhere cometh mutation: and in nothing does it speak so impressively, as in our musings on life and death. Who of us does not know that the fashion of the world passes away? that *we* are not what we were a few days since; save in identity, in memory, in mind? The outer man is continually changing. And then our enjoyments here are not unfrequently interrupted, our hopes cut off, our efforts for good paralyzed, our path beset with dangers, our lives uncertain every moment, and death always before us. These things are so. We speak the experience of human nature; and memory tells us it is true. But yesterday, and our ancestors were walking forth in the vigor of life and youth. Now they are beneath the clods of the valley; and we seek out their graves, to wonder why they passed so soon away, and to read our own destiny.

This is solemn. Yea, it is solemn to think *what*

we are in the midst of this great world of change, — that, important as we consider ourselves, yet that we must soon pass away, and perhaps be forgotten. Forgotten! because no one will be left to tell our names, or to remember that we lived. Is this possible? Let us test it. Go to yonder grave-yard, and see that spot of earth over which the grave-stones are leaning from the effects of time. Who sleeps there? None can tell; and the inscriptions are effaced. Since that grave was made, its occupant has been forgotten; for a new generation has come up in that neighborhood, and passed away, — many of its number reposing near this narrow, quiet bed. And yet the tenant of this grave once lived as we live, full of health, and hope, and joy; little thinking that in eighty or a hundred years, no one could tell his name to the stranger who stood over his last earthly resting-place. So the world changes; so man's hope, and boasting, and glory change with it.

"Like to the falling of a star,
Or as the flights of eagles are,
Or like the fresh spring's gaudy hue,
Or silver drops of morning dew;
Or like a wind which chafes the flood,
Or bubbles which on water stood —
Even such is man, whose borrowed light
Is straight called in and paid to-night.
The wind blows out; the bubble dies;
The spring entombed in autumn lies;
The dew dries up; the star is shot;
The flight is past; and man forgot!"

Who can think of this, and feel it, and not realize his own nothingness — and not seek to acquaint himself with that truth which shall give him hope in the midst of all this darkness? Is it not true that we

live too much in the present, and too little in the future; that we start back from the contemplation of these sad realities, as if, because they are unwelcome, they can do us no good? Let us not refuse to learn wisdom from this fruitful source; for we all need it, to teach us how to live, not as though earth was our abiding place, but as though we were sent hither to study ourselves, and to be happy in the knowledge of our Creator.

When, therefore, we reflect on the mutations of earth, let us find ourselves sufficiently acquainted with divine truth to rejoice in this, that with God there can be no variableness, no mutation. The psalmist, in his eloquent address to the Deity, declares, "Of old hast thou laid the foundation of the earth; and the heavens are the work of thy hands. They shall perish, but thou shalt endure; yea, all of them shall wax old like a garment; as a vesture shalt thou change them, and they shall be changed. But thou art the same, and thy years shall have no end." No change, no decay, can reach the Almighty. As he was in the beginning, so will he ever remain; the Maker, Preserver, Friend and Saviour of all his moral offspring.

There is not an attribute of the Deity which appears of more importance to his children, than this one of his immutability. What is it to us, if we are told, simply, that God is powerful and good? This may be — but how long will he continue thus? Another day or hour — through time, or in eternity? Or that he is just and merciful? If he is just to-day, and is not immutable, may he not be partial and cruel to-morrow? or, if merciful now, full of most intense indignation at some future period? When we are assured that he not only possesses all these excel-

ient attributes, but that he is without change, the mind is presented with an object worthy our highest trust, veneration and praise.

"The Father of Lights, with whom is no variableness neither shadow of turning." What heavenly inspiration is breathed in this assurance! "God is love," — and "love never faileth." This is enough. Pilgrim, take courage; mourner, weep not; child of the Highest, give praise evermore! He hath sworn by himself that unto him every knee shall bow — unto him every tongue say, In the Lord have I righteousness and strength. Sin shall be finished; death shall die; life triumphant shall reign!

DEATH.

The vanity of life is no new theme for thought. It is constantly before us. Knowing life's uncertainty, we dare not promise ourselves its enjoyment or delights in the future. The most we can say of any contemplated action, is, "If I live, I will perform it." We dare not calculate without making this provision, aware that our anticipations may be suddenly shrouded in the darkness of the grave. We meet friends and associates in the morning, as they come with the smile of health on their lips, and its bloom on their cheeks, — before the night appears, they may sleep in death. We separate after the joys and trials of the day are past; another earthly morning's light may not salute our eyes. Friends part, — the confiding, the lovely, the true. They have vowed fidelity, and love has registered the solemn affirmation; and their hearts and sympathies are one.

They part to meet no more below. That sealed and sacred friendship must be renewed in brighter climes, where sorrow hath no root, and parting cannot come!

Thus we meditate on the sure work of death. We mourn this work. Yet we dare not say that death is not a wise design of the Almighty and All-good. "We must needs die." There is a meaning in this which the mere superficial reader may not comprehend.

God hath no peculiar respect for any man in the visitation of death. Neither age, titles, real honor, greatness; neither goodness nor wickedness, wealth nor poverty, learning nor ignorance, can exempt man from death. In this, "There is one event to the righteous, and to the wicked; to the good, and to the clean, and to the unclean; to him that sacrificeth, and to him that sacrificeth not. As is the good, so is the sinner, and he that sweareth, as he that feareth an oath." The great head of our race went to the grave. His children followed, they continue to follow him. Seers and holy men of old, and all the workers of iniquity, untold existences, all have lived, moved, rejoiced, wept, and passed off to the regions of the dead. The dust has returned to earth as it was; the spirit to God who gave it.

And what a lesson do we read in all this, — a lesson of our own mortality! The past, from its mighty sepulchre, speaks to us in words which reach our souls:

"So shalt *thou* rest; and what if thou shalt fall
Unnoticed by the living, and no friend
Take note of thy departure? All that breathe
Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh
When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care
Plod on, and each one, as before, will chase

His favorite phantom ; yet all these shall leave
Their mirth and their employments, and shall come
And make their bed with thee. As the long train
Of ages glide away, the sons of men,
The youth in life's green spring, and he who goes
In the full strength of years, matron and maid,
The bowed with age, the infant in the smiles
And beauty of its innocent age cut off, —
Shall, one by one, be gathered to thy side,
By those who in their turn shall follow them."

And how is death to be regarded? Not as the end of man. Such a thought will not soothe sorrow, it will not bind up the broken-hearted, it will not give hope nor insure peace. We look beyond all that death claims, and seek light, hope, release. I contend that it is impossible for us to be fully reconciled to the belief that our existence ends with death. The human mind starts back from the prospect of annihilation. It was not constituted to endure, unmoved, this doom. We look out into the future; we advance and meet it; — another future is before us; we meet this, and still another and another stretch on; — and in all these we learn, — we grow in wisdom, and find increase of enjoyment and happiness. Yet in our best earthly estate, we have but just commenced learning; have just caught faint glimpses of God's goodness, glory, truth and love. We have only seen through a glass darkly. The further on we move, the more do we desire an enlargement of intellectual and moral capacities. In the midst of our training — in the very solution, perhaps, of some great question of life, death gives his summons, and we are called away. Where? Not to annihilation. God will not so mock us. The work is not perfected; indeed, it has scarcely begun. The mind, whatever may have been its advancement, has just discovered

its own need of learning even the first principles of divine truth. Where shall we go onward in our spiritual development? Reason answers, in a life to come.

Again; God is to us a Father here. He opens his hand and satisfies the desire of every living thing. He has given man a desire to live hereafter; and this desire is one of the deepest and strongest of his soul. If he die, shall he live again? Reason answers, Yea. The same God, who now provides in paternal goodness for him, will be his Father in the distant future. No good, in his power to bestow upon his creatures, is too great for them to expect. The longings of the soul which he has placed within his child, shall be satisfied. God cannot change. "He is good, his mercy is everlasting, and his truth endureth to all generations."

Thus we reason on the subject of man's future existence; simply, indeed, yet, we believe, truly. And, from the very nature of our reasoning, it will be seen that we cannot admit the idea of an existence in the future worse than the present, unless that existence is to be followed by one that is better.

Uncertainty in relation to our final destination, or the conception of endless unhappiness, these come not with acceptance to the anxious soul, as it seeks to penetrate the mysteries of the existence to come. It is related of a Hindoo, of a thoughtful, reflecting mind, but devoted to idolatry, that, as he lay on his death-bed, and saw himself about to plunge into the boundless unknown, he cried out, — "What will become of me?" "O," said a Brahmin, who stood by, "you will inhabit another body." "And where," said he, "shall I go then?" "Into another." "And where then?" "Into another, and so on, through

thousands of millions." Darting across this whole period, as though it were but an instant, he cried, "Where shall I go then?" Paganism could not answer; and he died agonizing under the inquiry, "WHERE SHALL I GO LAST OF ALL?"

The consummation of our being! This is the great question of the soul. And how is it answered? By Infinite Goodness. In all worlds, and with all beings, God is governed by this. In the future, as in the present, God's beneficence will not forsake his offspring. Existence shall prove to us a blessing. Truly hath it been written, and ever shall it stand,— "Man's chief end is to glorify God and enjoy him forever."

Let us turn to that revelation of the future given us in the Scriptures. And as we listen, let us remember, that the Bible does not design to make known any more concerning the future, than we, in our present constitution, are able to bear. It is not the intention of this Revelation to describe to us, minutely, that state of being. It is not meet that we here attain unto such knowledge. With all our advances, we know too little of our present mode of being. Enough of the future, however, is revealed to us, that we may be saved by hope; "which hope," saith the apostle, "we have as an anchor of the soul, both sure and steadfast, and which entereth into that within the veil; whither the forerunner is for us entered, even Jesus."

WHAT OF THE FUTURE?

"IF A MAN DIE, SHALL HE LIVE AGAIN?"

To whom shall we go for a solution of this question? Who will declare to us most clearly the doctrine of

man's existence beyond the grave? What says the highest heathen wisdom of which we have any record in human history? Simonides sings: "Silence reigns in death: darkness veils the eyes. All things come at last into one terrific whirlpool." And Anacreon: "Gray are my temples, and my head white. Gone is the loveliness of youth. O, pleasant life; little more remains; therefore I often sigh in dread of Tartarus; for that is the frightful den of Hades. Horrible is the descent, and whoever once goes down never returns." Sycophron complains: "When death is yet far off, the wretched, perhaps, wish life to end; but when the last wave rolls near, then we cling to life; for we can never satiate ourselves with it." Just so sang Homer long before: "I would rather serve with the poorest man, than be king over all the shades." Socrates speaks, as he is about to leave the scenes of the present life: "I hope I am now going to good men, though this I would not take upon me peremptorily to assert; but, that I shall go to the gods, lords that are absolutely good, this, if I can affirm anything of this kind, I would certainly affirm. And for this reason I do not take it ill that I am to die, as otherwise I should do; but I am in good hope that there is something remaining for those who are dead, and that it will then be much better for good than for bad men." Or, more doubtfully, again: "I am going out of the world, and you are to continue in it; but which of us has the better part, is a secret to every one but God." Cicero gives us his word, that, of the various opinions of philosophers concerning the nature and duration of the soul, "Which of these is true, God alone knows, and which is most probable, a very great question." And Seneca confesses, that to him, "Immortality, however

desirable, is rather promised than proved by those great men."

What uncertainty is here! Who could build any reasonable hope for the future life on such doubtful affirmations as these? The opinions themselves show the attempt of the mind to grasp the great thought of immortality, and to conceive of it as a reality. But where is the "solid ground to rest upon?"

Listen, now, to a different word — a stronger and more positive utterance, which we find in the Christian Epistles. "For we know that if this earthly house of our tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. If Christ be not raised, your faith is vain. But now is Christ risen, and become the first fruits of them that slept. For since by man came death, by man came also the resurrection of the dead. For as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive. As we have borne the image of the earthy, we shall also bear the image of the heavenly. For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality. So, when this corruption shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality, then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory.' O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? Thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ."

There is no language in all heathenism like this on the subject of immortality; because heathenism never had the authority to speak such a word. The apostle had. He appealed to Jesus Christ as the ground of hope for this future life; appealed to his coming into our world, to his divine authority, to his

actual death, actual resurrection from death, the breaking of the power of death and triumph over it, and his ascension to the heavens. These heathen philosophers had no such authority to appeal to. They were feeling after that which Christ revealed, but they could not find it. No Jesus had come to them, as he had come to Paul, saying, "I am the Resurrection and the Life. He that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live again, and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die." And so, they could not say, as he could say, "For I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."

The true answer to this question, If man die, shall he live again? can be answered only by the light of the Gospel of Christ. This light appears beyond the valley of the shadow of death, and reveals Life and Immortality to the race of mankind — the whole body. The idea is not vaguely expressed, but the statement most explicitly made, in the contrast by the apostle of the present state and the future. "It is sown in corruption, it is raised in incorruption: it is sown in weakness, it is raised in power: it is sown in dishonor, it is raised in glory: it is sown a natural body, it is raised a spiritual body."

Again we say, no heathenism reads thus, no highest wisdom of its philosophers. No word like this comes, but in the Christian Gospel. Let us hear, and believe, and rejoice.

"HOW ARE THE DEAD RAISED UP?"

THIS is another question asked in the Scriptures, and most clearly and fully answered there. "How are the dead raised up, and with what body do they come?"

The inquiry is not, How did the dead leave the world? as though on the answer to this question, depended the immortal life of the individual. It is surely an important question, how the departing leave this world; deeply important to them, whether they have strong and sustaining and overpowering faith, or whether they are filled with doubts and fears and tribulations. But this is not the chief question when we are arguing concerning the future life.

Nor is the inquiry here, How did the dead believe? The Scriptures nowhere inform us that the gift of a life of future immortal blessedness is suspended on a faith in the present, — that faith or unbelief will determine the future condition.

Nor is the question raised, How did the dead live? That is a great question always, in its place, as all life is valuable according to its righteous employment. But that exclamation of Watts, —

> "Great God! on what a slender thread
> Hang everlasting things!
> The eternal states of all the dead
> Upon life's feeble strings!"

is not an apostolic one; has not its authority in the New Testament. What mortal is there who will ever pretend that he has done good enough to entitle him to endless rewards for his actions? or who among the sons of men can be so sinful as justly to incur the penalty of endless sufferings for his transgressions? There is no certainty in any answer we can give to

the question, How did the dead live? when we ask it as if to ascertain what they will be in the immortal state. All have sinned; all have redeeming virtues. Where shall the line be drawn assigning to each individual an endless reward or an endless suffering? Let this thought be pondered.

But let us keep in view our question, How are the dead raised up? Thanks to Heaven, we have something surer here than mere human theological or philosophical speculations; — "the word of God, that liveth and abideth forever." Let us hear it, in the beauty and strength of apostolical reasoning.

"How are the dead raised up, and with what body do they come?" This is a question of scepticism; it may be of honest inquiry. Paul does not fail to answer it according to its magnitude. "Thou fool," (inconsiderate one,) "that which thou sowest is not quickened except it die." The seed sown must perish externally, that the germ may come forth to a new life. So death to man must come, that the new life may come also. "And that which thou sowest, thou sowest not that body that shall be." The present body is designed for the present life. Another and different shall we possess in a new sphere of being. "God giveth it a body, as hath pleased him, and to every seed his own body." This is in accordance with his wisdom in every manifestation of it. Propriety is written everywhere throughout his creation. "All flesh is not the same flesh; but there is one kind of flesh of men, another of beasts, another of fishes, and another of birds. There are also celestial bodies, and bodies terrestrial; but the glory of the celestial is one, and the glory of the terrestrial is another. There is one glory of the sun, and another glory of the moon, and another glory of the stars; for one star

differeth from another star in glory." The same philosophy which could see all this variety in the works of the visible creation, could understand the ability of God to institute another mode of enjoyment and life for man; a mode as high above the present as the heavenly is above the earthly — the celestial above the terrestrial. The differing of one star from another in glory does not refer to degrees of capacity and enjoyment in the future life. It denotes the difference between this mortal and the immortal states. For he continues, "So also is the resurrection of the dead. It is sown in corruption, (that is, the earthly state;) it is raised in incorruption, (that is, the heavenly;) it is sown in dishonor, (a comparative term,) it is raised in glory. It is sown in weakness, it is raised in power; it is sown a natural body, it is raised a spiritual body." And so he continues * through this luminous exposition, to his closing ascription, "Thanks be unto God who giveth us the victory, (over death and the grave,) through our Lord Jesus Christ."

"How are the dead raised up?" Let this inquiry lead us often to consult the testimony given us in the Christian revelation concerning the immortal state. It is not the righteous dead, it is not the unrighteous dead, thus inquired for, thus spoken of; but the dead in general — the whole body of the dead. Whatever mode of earthly death is ours, whatever be our state when death shall come, there is still to be effected with us the glorious resurrection change, wrought by creative and recreative power upon us. "O, the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God! — For of him, and through him, and to him are all things; to whom be glory forever."

* 1 Cor. xv.

WORDS OF JESUS ON THE FUTURE LIFE

In making our inquiries concerning the doctrine of a future life, as this is taught in the New Testament, we are led, first of all, to ask, What was the instruction of our Lord Jesus Christ in reference to this subject? And in no language attributed to him do we find a more explicit statement than in that which he employs while reasoning with the Sadducees who denied the doctrine of a future life. To this let us devote a moment's attention. His words to them, as recorded by Luke, (xix. 35, 36,) are,—"They which shall be accounted worthy to obtain that world, and the resurrection from the dead, neither marry nor are given in marriage; neither can they die any more; for they are equal unto the angels; and are children of God, being children of the resurrection. Now that the dead are raised, even Moses showed at the bush, when he called the Lord the God of Abraham, and the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob. For he is not a God of the dead, but of the living; for all live unto him." Here let us consider,

1. That, in the future resurrection state, we shall be as the angels of God. In the present state we find human imperfection, depravity, and sin. And how often are these regarded as an insurmountable barrier to the saving grace of the Eternal! Man transgresses the law of his Maker with daring hand. He heeds not the lessons of instruction given him in the Scriptures, and in that law of the Everlasting One written on the heart. He lives in sin; he dies in sin; and how shall he ever in the future life enjoy the calm sunshine and peace of the obedient spirit? Who will meet this question?

Let us meet it;—for here we shall find aid and

strength in the truth of our God. We will pass by the consideration that sin pertains to this existence, and cannot reach beyond death. This need not now be mentioned. To the main question we thus reply: God's goodness and power are not confined to the present state of being. They are as ample in the future as they can be here; and there they will be exercised in saving, holy, sanctifying power.

We are not strangers to the evils of sin. We all know its power; we are all its victims. Yet what is sin, that it should successfully resist God forever? What potency is given it, and who gave it, that it should defy the might of Heaven, and lead away in eternal opposition and misery myriads of the human family? We ask these questions because they naturally suggest themselves to the reasoning mind. They have often been asked; they will be asked again; and they must be answered. And there is but one answer. The Bible furnishes it. "Therefore, as by the offence of one, judgment came upon all men to condemnation, even so, by the righteousness of one, the free gift came upon all men unto justification of life. The law entered that the offence might abound; but where sin abounded, grace did much more abound; that as sin hath reigned unto death, even so might grace reign, through righteousness, unto eternal life, by Jesus Christ our Lord."*

We thus hope for the dead, whatever may have been their character; — for all the banished, whether here or hereafter; and are persuaded that God in his infinite wisdom has "devised means that they be not expelled from him." Here, transgression abounds; in the resurrection, it shall cease. Here, men exist;

* Rom. v. 18, 21.

there, men are made angels; not messengers of evil; not agents of rebellion; but "angels of God in heaven." Thus shall be answered the travail of that spirit in Christ Jesus which "came to seek and to save that which was lost," and which prayed, "Father, I will that they also whom thou hast given me, be with me where I am."

And here, too, is ground for the "willing and obedient," — for those who love God, and seek his service here. Such feel most deeply their own frailty, and their dependence on the Father's unbounded grace. And must they not ever lean on this? Surely. "If the foundations be destroyed, what will the righteous do?" They are looking for redemption from sin. It shall be given them in that dispensation of grace and glory which raises universal humanity to the rank of the angelic, the immortal.

2. "Neither can they die any more." This is another truth concerning the future existence. In the present life, death is appointed unto man — temporal and moral death. In relation to the former, "we must all needs die." Without death, we rise not to newness of life. "That which is sown is not quickened except it die." The poet Young has well expressed this Christian idea: —

> "Death is the crown of life:
> Were death denied, poor man would live in vain:
> Were death denied, to live would not be life:
> Were death denied, e'en fools would wish to die.
> Death wounds to cure; we fall, we rise, we reign!
> Spring from our fetters, fasten in the skies.
> This king of terrors is the prince of peace.
> When shall I die to vanity, pain, death?
> When shall I die? When shall I live forever?"

Of moral death, we learn that "the creature was

made subject to vanity, not willingly, but by reason of him who hath subjected the same in hope." From the moment of the first transgression, unto the present time, death has abounded; and, while man is man, it will ever abound. "In Adam all die."

The Christian Revelation dispels the darkness and shadow of death, and proclaims an inheritance of life, "incorruptible and undefiled, and that fadeth not away." The apostle exultingly declares it. "It is sown in corruption; it is raised in incorruption: it is sown in dishonor; it is raised in glory: it is sown in weakness; it is raised in power: it is sown a natural body; it is raised a spiritual body. For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality. Then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory. O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?"

This is the resurrection life announced by the Saviour. Mortal decay and dissolution — mortal bereavement in its sable hues, and with its mournful dirge — the darkness and silence of the tomb — these shall not be. Life and joy immortal shall come forth with anthems of victory! Thus shall be consummated the felicities of that peerless kingdom set forth in the language of the Revelator: "And there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain; for the former things are passed away. And he that sat upon the throne said, Behold, I make all things new."

3. "And are children of God, being children of the resurrection." Here, all are God's children, by creation, by possession. He hath made all of one blood. "Behold, all souls are mine; as the soul of the father, so also the soul of the son is mine." This

is why men are accounted "worthy" to be raised into the higher life. This worthiness is not of any merit they have worked out for themselves. It is the value God sets on them as his children. Yet all are not his children here, in character. Some are servants of sin; children of darkness; sons of perdition; Cains, Ahabs, Herods, Judases, Demases, and such like. Such are not "followers of God as dear children." They are enemies to him by wicked works.

It shall not be thus in the resurrection life. No murderers, revilers, traitors, nor unjust, shall inherit that spiritual life. Saul of Tarsus shall not there persecute Christians, nor Christians destroy their imagined heretical brethren. God shall not there be mocked; nor Christ crucified afresh, and put to open shame.

"As many as are led by the spirit of God, they are the sons of God." It shall be thus with all in the resurrection. They shall "have the spirit of adoption, whereby they can say, Abba, Father." Even those who in the imperfection of the flesh sinned with high hand, defying even Omnipotence, shall there, in the overwhelming truth of immortality, yield willing obedience to the King of kings. Such is the "power by which he is able to subdue even all things unto himself." The darkened shall be brought to the light; the lost ones shall be restored. The Father willed it; the Son hath declared it. So have we seen in this language of him, who "spake as never man spake," and whose words were given him by the inspiration of heaven. Let us receive this testimony; let us rejoice therein; for it is of more value than a thousand times ten thousand speculations of the wisdom of this world. We may rely on the instructions

of Jesus. Heaven and earth may pass away, but his word shall not pass away.

OUR HOUSE OF THIS TABERNACLE

This is the similitude of the apostle, when he speaks of the earthly body of man. "We know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." The word tabernacle, here, means a temporary dwelling, a tent, or frail tenement, used by men who move from place to place during their earthly pilgrimage. The similitude was, doubtless, originally drawn from the nomadic life of many of the original tribes of men, and especially those in the East. But all earthly dwellings of men, however permanent they seem to be, are subject to change. If they do not change places in a night, time slowly and surely effects change with them.

The human body is such a tabernacle. The apostle speaks of its dissolution, by which he means the death of man. This tenement itself must be destroyed,—must go back to the dust from whence it came. But not thus the destruction of the spirit within. That is to live on in another, a more glorious, an imperishable tenement—"a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

And why should it not be so? Surely he, who gave us this temporary house, can just as easily and freely grant us another, more durable and glorious. He who provides the lesser, can provide the greater good. And if this spirit must be unclothed, he who sheltered and blest it in the present, will do no less

for it in the future. "The whole figure of the apostle," as has been truly remarked, "is a beautiful and expressive one. It contains, too, the proof of the soul's existence independently of the body. As Eastern pilgrims over the deserts of Arabia carried their tabernacles with them, which they pitched for the night or as a shelter in the storm, so the soul of man, on its journey to glory over the desert places of earth, temporarily sojourns during the storm of life. When the day breaks, or the storm has spent its fury, the tabernacle is dissolved, the body dies, and the sojourner, alive and aspiring, pursues his journey to a point nearer the celestial city."

God grant us that faith in his unchanging and abiding promise and grace, which shall lead us to adopt Charles Wesley's words as our own conviction:

"Here, in this body pent,
Absent from heaven I roam;
But nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home."

WHERE IS THE GREATEST NUMBER?

"'T is long since Death had the majority,
Yet strange! the living lay it not to heart!"
DR. BLAIR.

We read of heaven as our final home, and are told of its attractions, — of its higher spiritual employments and joys than we now know. There is another thought, also, which renders death less repulsive to us, and the state beyond it more desirable. Where are we to find the greatest number of our race,

but in that spirit land? Do we often think of this? or are we more inclined to look upon the multitude here in mortal life as though this were the majority, and that our sympathies might be exclusively confined to those who compose it?

Affirmations come to us from most accurate and attentive calculators, that, since the beginning of man's history, not less than thirty-two thousand millions of human beings have been ushered into this world, and have passed away from its realities. Somewhat more, perhaps, than nine hundred and sixty millions now share this mortal life. Vast is the majority, then, on the other side of the grave! Small, indeed, is our company here — a mere fragment of this human household. The great multitude are in the heavenly department of this universal home.

It is natural for us to be attracted towards the greatest number of our friends; and these have gone before us. There surely need not be such attachment to earth, as though it were an unwelcome journey to that multitude of those who are bound to us by immortal ties, — such a forgetfulness of others in such numbers who love us there, that the few here must be all the world to us! We should not forget that our absent friends are still in being, though our mortal eye cannot discern them; and that it is but for us to be divested of this veil of flesh, to behold them in clear vision, and to find ourselves in that greatest assembly of those whose spirits sympathize with ours, and from whose being and love we may never again be dissevered. Sacred, cheering, and uplifting is this thought; one on which we may often dwell in our musings and contemplations, and find highest satisfaction and joy.

"I WOULD NOT LIVE ALWAY."

When the patient man gave utterance to this saying, he spake as a truly religious philosopher. He saw life and death each in their true light; each designed by Jehovah for good; the one following the other in continued and regular succession.

Let us consider this declaration of the excellent Job; and, in doing this, we may notice some of the reasons which we may suppose led him to make it; reasons which should operate in the same manner in our minds, and lead us to adopt and express the same language. Why is it not desirable to live always?

We answer, because of the trials of life. True, many trials and troubles, which we are called to encounter here, may prove serviceable to us, if we will rightly understand and improve them. Yet this is not the privilege of the great mass. They do not so reason. Trials are not considered as they stand connected with the true science of human life. We grow sick of life from what we see of its deceptions. When we are looking for sunshine, darkness and storm come upon us. When we promise ourselves prosperity, then comes adversity to lay our brightest prospects in the dust. When we think ourselves surrounded with this world's goods, some unseen train is laid that shall yet scatter all our hard earnings, or accumulated riches, to the winds, and we are hand in hand with pinching poverty. We mourn, we repine, we struggle to suppress the uprising of our souls; we ask if it is thus with others, and the answer is in the affirmative. "Man that is born of woman, is of few days and full of trouble." Thus we read, thus we think of life's trials. Thousands are now weary of earthly existence, from the cause we are considering. They

have met sorrow where they sought joy, — have fallen, where they hoped to rise. So heavily does affliction weigh them down, that they look with earnest hope to that period which shall welcome them to that repose, "where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest."

Sickness and pain induce us to say we would not live alway. We who are blessed with health and strength, who know but little of bodily debility, are not properly qualified to judge from experience in this matter. We ought to see the dark places of suffering in our world — the apartments of anguish — the pillows of sharp distress, —

> "Those who, tossed on beds of pain,
> Seek for ease, but seek in vain;
> Those whose weeping, longing eyes
> Watch to see the morning rise."

How much of such life is realized among men! and often, where it *is* realized, the mind sickens with the body in prospect of protracted suffering. It grows weary of life because life seems so heavy — the cloud so continually envelopes — the light so long refuses to appear. The happiest ones among us are made to suffer. In the midst of health, love, joy and peace, the fondest delights and hopes fly at the wasting touch of disease, and pain comes to tell the mortal of his earthliness. It was the affliction of which we are speaking, that caused Job to say, "I would not live alway." He would go to a land where the inhabitant should not say, I am sick, but where perpetual health and life should be the portion of man.

The loss of friends leads us to desire that we may not live always. As time goes on, and as friend after friend drops away, although others come up and

take their new stations around us, these cannot take affection from those whose lives and sympathies were interwoven with ours in earlier days. Memory will be true; and in the secret chambers of the soul she will often bring before us those we would give worlds to behold, and join, and love again, and whom we hope to meet in the blessed regions of immortality.

It is related that one of the aged prisoners who was released from the French Bastile upon the accession of Lewis Sixteenth to the throne, was so grieved in not finding any of his family, friends or associates of his earlier days, that he sought again the gloom of the prison. This denied him, he soon died, because he could find none who could say to him, "We were formerly known to each other." How true to nature!

"When fond hearts lie withered,
And false ones have flown;
O who would inhabit
This bleak world alone?"

The doctrine of immortal life leads us to adopt the sentiment of the man of Uz. This consideration belongs especially to the believer in Gospel truth. If others, without great faith, are led, in view of the ills of human existence, to desire death, the Christian, in view of the promises and assurances of immortal life given in the Scriptures, may well exclaim with Job, that it is not his desire to live here always. He would not, it is true, be so impatient of delay here, as to overlook the actual blessings of our mortal life, and see its pathway leading only through a "vale of tears." For this very present is to him a revelation of God's goodness and glory, such as the immortal shall be — only there in greater measure. So in faith can he say, "All the days of my appointed time will I wait till my change come."

CHRIST'S PRESENCE IN VIEW OF DEATH.

[From a Funeral Address.]

"Yet a little while, and the world seeth me no more: but ye see me: because I live, ye shall live also."

JOHN xiv. 19.

OUR Lord, when he spake these words to his disciples, had his own death in view. He had been with these disciples in his ministries of mercy and grace, and had wisely instructed them in the principles and works of his heavenly kingdom. In the cities and villages of Judea — in the Temple and synagogue — in habitations of the distinguished, and in dwellings of the obscure — on the mount — by the sea-shore, or wayside — in scenes of human joy, and seasons of deepest affliction — he had spoken in that authority which he had received of the Father — he had wrought in his name those miracles which declared him the Son of God. While the people heard and were astonished — while his fame went abroad throughout the land — and while, in these exhibitions of Almighty grace, he was making his true Messiahship manifest to the world, he was also specially instructing those who had placed themselves under his spiritual direction — whom he had called out of the world — and who were afterwards to proclaim their Lord as the risen and ascended — the author and finisher of their faith — the resurrection and the life.

This earthly intercourse with these his friends was now drawing to a close. Deeply as he loved them, and faithfully as he had sought to instruct them, he now desired that they might not become disheartened as he was to be separated from them. He would have them prepared for their new experience — their new life in the world without him. Hence he addresses

them in words of assurance and hope. "Let not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father's house are many mansions. If it were not so I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. I will come again and receive you to myself; that where I am, there ye may be also. If ye love me, keep my commandments. And I will pray the Father, and he shall give you another Comforter, that he may abide with you forever, even the Spirit of truth, whom the world cannot receive, because it seeth him not, neither knoweth him; but ye know him; for he dwelleth in you, and shall be in you. I will not leave you comfortless. I will come to you. Yet a little while and the world seeth me no more; but ye see me; because I live, ye shall live also. These things have I spoken unto you, being yet present with you. Peace I leave with you; my peace I give unto you."

We have, in this testimony of our Saviour, the assurance of a life to come; and of the preëminent privilege of the Christian believer, who, in this assurance, may triumph over the changes and ills of the present, in view of that far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory which the future reveals.

"Yet a little while and the world seeth me no more; but ye see me." If with the multitude Christ should no more walk — if from the scenes of his earthly presence and wonderful instructions he was to be forever removed — yet with those who believed on his name, he would still be present, and hold communion. Yea, he was to come again and manifest himself unto them — signally blessing, comforting and exhorting them — confirming their faith in his resurrection power, and in the immortal life

which he had revealed for our race. "Because I live, ye shall live also." * * * *

It is for us to commune with our own minds on this glorious truth of man's immortal destination; and know how far we are blest with its assurance, its hope, and its peace. It is a truth not to be preached merely, but to be *applied*. Death is everywhere around us — sundering our most sacred ties — blighting our fondest anticipations, and dissipating our brightest dreams of happiness in the enjoyment of kindred souls. It constantly admonishes us that those we most love are not our own — but that he who gave them to us can, and may in the most sudden and unexpected manner, remove them from our presence and enjoyment below. He who came to minister the highest good to our race, found the time in his earthly ministry when he was called to say to those who were most intimately connected with, and especially dear to him, "Yet a little while, and the world seeth me no more."

It is, indeed, but a little while that this world beholds any of us. "We spend our years as a tale that is told; — here to-day, to-morrow gone." Now loved forms greet us — kindred voices, kindred hearts and hands minister to our wants, to our enjoyments, to our highest delight. We but turn, and they have departed. The places that knew them shall know them no more forever. We behold age consigned to the tomb, and, while we look, youth has come up to take the place of age, to be consigned in its turn to this great mortal claimant of the family of man. We look not only upon the living, but are compelled to think upon the dead. It seemed but yesterday that they were in our earthly presence, cheering our hearts with their kindly voices, and giving us their

assurances of affection and love, all along life's way. In this interruption of our kindred being and enjoyment — in this breaking up of life's most endearing and hallowed connections, we need satisfactory consolation. And this consolation is afforded us in Christ Jesus. He will instruct us in that wisdom given him of the Father. He will tell us that, if true to the calls of his voice, we shall be led into green pastures and beside the still waters of salvation; he will be to us "the way, the truth and the life."

There is a truth here spoken by Jesus, which I conceive to be of no ordinary consequence — and expressed in the simple form of speech. In contrast with the world who shortly would not see him — he expressively avers to his believing disciples, "BUT YE SEE ME."

I wish we all better understood the full import of these blessed words. I wish we were more thoroughly instructed in them. Then indeed would "our light" more frequently "rise in obscurity, and our darkness become as noonday." What is it to *see* Jesus — to see him in that sense here intended in his own words of wisdom and truth? It is to know and to enjoy him. It is to be made rightly acquainted with his character, his mission, the laws of his glorious kingdom; it is to live near to him in the spirit of his precepts, so that we may become like God our Father. It is to have faith that can remove mountains of unbelief and sin — hope that is a sure and steadfast anchor to the soul — love that tires not, fails not in well doing, that prays without ceasing, rejoices evermore, in everything gives thanks. It is to acknowledge, obey and bless God when the way of life is prosperous and fair; — it is to be resigned to his will, in humble, confiding submission, when ills,

bereavements, and sorrows appear. Thus to be taught, thus to understand, thus to live, is to see Christ. It is to be in communion and fellowship with him who is the brightness of the Father's glory; who lived and labored for man; who died and rose again, "the just for the unjust, that he might bring us to God."

And never, perhaps, is this presence of our Great High Priest more needful, than when death comes near us. It is then we feel the insufficiency of earthly support. It is then we seek that consolation which the world giveth not. It is then we are wont to look to the religion of Jesus — to the book of Christian Revelation — to the appointed ministers of the Gospel — to the church of the living God. It is under the weight of this affliction that not a few of our mourning friends now come around this Christian altar, to seek that guidance and support which He who afflicts us alone can truly and profitably impart. You sorrow, my friends. And in this sorrow you have much kindred sympathy. Age sorrows, that loved youth in its freshness and earnestness of life has departed; and youth mourns that its bright and pure companionship hath been so grievously and unexpectedly invaded. We mourn that the familiar face of our dear friend will no more greet us in this congregation — that her voice will no more mingle in the songs of yonder choir — that, in our social religious meetings, and in our Bible Class, her earthly presence will not again be known; but that with other loved ones, whose memories are now doubly dear to us, she has left our society here forever. 'T is well that we mourn. "Jesus wept." And tears for the sacred dead are but the expression of those emotions which his example long since sanc-

tified and blest. But let us not forget, in the indulgence of our sorrowing sympathies, to ask ourselves if in this mournful hour Christ in his truth is near to our souls. Do we feel the presence of the Comforter? Is Christ now seen by us in the spirit and power of his resurrection and life? Mingled with the deepest and most secret sorrows of the soul, is his voice heard, saying, "Let not your hearts be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in me?" Over all the sighings and moanings of stricken friendship, companionship and love, comes the assurance — "If the world heed not this affliction, I heed it, and will graciously sanctify its coming and its continuance. Behold in me thy helper and friend — the Resurrection and the Life. Because I live, ye shall live also!" If such be not our experience, may the Father of mercies speedily grant it, and open to us the way to that "abundant entrance" into the blessings and joys of his heavenly kingdom! But if such be our instruction and consolation, let us give thanks — thanks to him who giveth us victory over affliction and death, through Jesus Christ our Lord.

So shall our affliction be sanctified, indeed; so shall the gospel of the Son of God be exalted and honored in our hearts, by our living example, and in the influence of such example on those around us. Let us seek — let us seek to honor this gospel more and more. We realize not as we ought our indebtedness to its holy ministries of grace and salvation! Think what we should now be without it. "How desolate," says an impressive writer, "must be the affections of a people that spurned this hope and trust! I have wandered through that far-famed cemetery that overlooks, from its mournful brow, the gay and crowded metropolis of France; but among the many inscrip-

tions upon those tombs I scarcely read one — I read — to state so striking a fact with numerical exactness — I read no more than four or five inscriptions in the whole Pere La Chaise, which made any consoling reference to a future life. I read, on those cold marble tombs, the lamentations of bereavement, in every affecting variety of phrase. On the youth it was written that 'its broken-hearted parents, who spent their days in tears, and their nights in anguish, had laid down here their treasure and their hope.' On the proud mausoleum where friendship, companionship, love had deposited their holy relics, it was constantly written, 'Her husband inconsolable — His disconsolate wife — A brother left alone and unhappy,' has raised this monument; but seldom — so seldom that scarcely ever did the mournful record close with a word of hope — scarcely at all was it to be read, amidst the marble silence of that world of the dead, that there is life beyond, and that surviving friends hope for a blessed meeting again where death comes no more."*

Thanks be to God, then — and let us, from full hearts, respond to this glad exclamation of the apostle — "Thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory, through Jesus Christ our Lord!" May it dwell with, and bear us up under all life's trials; may it be with us when heart and flesh shall fail; may it be our joy and our song through ages unending!

* Rev. Mr. Dewey.

LIFE A PILGRIMAGE.

When Pharaoh inquired of the patriarch Jacob the number of his years, he received the emphatic answer, "The days of the years of my pilgrimage are a hundred and thirty years." Others like him, as the writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews has said, "confessed that they were strangers and pilgrims in the earth." We all are. The journey is a rapid one, if performed in the longest time which man has here allowed him. Soon this time is past, and we are gone — our journey is ended.

As strangers and pilgrims, then, what manner of persons ought we to be, that our characters be rightly sustained? Let us answer.

In the first place, we should seek to render the pilgrimage a safe one. We speak thus in due respect to that power of moral choice and action for evil or for good which seems to be so clearly recognized in the Scriptures. In providing for any earthly journey, the matter of safety is usually a very considerable item to be taken into the account. Is the conveyance a desirable or safe one? Is the way beset with difficulty or danger? These are usually important inquiries with travellers. They would have their passage agreeable; so would we have ours through this world. You find nobody utterly indifferent to this. The foolishness of men has sometimes said, that if we are sure of reaching heaven hereafter, it makes no difference how we live here! So, if we are quite sure of getting at last to a journey's end, it matters not how many evils we are subjected to all along the way, — how many overturns, or bruising falls, or losses from thieves and highwaymen! It makes all the difference. We desire a pleasant pilgrimage. Then

we must take the means to insure it. We are to see to our inward and outward securities, — to watch the sins that most easily beset us, — to keep ourselves pure. Then will our way be to us safe and prosperous.

We should endeavor, also, to make our pilgrimage as full of profit and enjoyment as possible. We understand something of that difference in information which different travellers would obtain, in passing over the same ground, and beholding the same scenes. He is the most fortunate and praiseworthy traveller who sees most, and elicits most practical knowledge from what he does see on the way. He is the best pilgrim and traveller through life, who seizes on all its opportunities to store his mind with useful fact, practical truth, for his instruction, aid, comfort and peace. Too great a number by far of indifferent, dull, blundering and profitless travellers are there on this great life-course. We need not be of that company; we shall not, if we are wise.

Then, we may calculate, as we ought, on the inconveniences to be met with on the way. With all our precautions, this life-course will not be one of perfect smoothness. We shall have disappointment, vexation, adversity, affliction. These constitute a part of the pilgrimage. We must meet them, deal with them, profit by them. Christ did; he who was made "perfect through suffering," and hath left us an example that we should follow his steps. In the proper view, the unavoidable ills of life are sources of spiritual income to the Christian. "Tribulation worketh patience, and patience experience, and experience hope, and hope maketh not ashamed."

And, once more; our speech and action should betoken our destination. There is a pride of country

with most intelligent travellers. He who would honor his country abroad, will honor himself, in his own habits and demeanor, that he may give the best representation in himself of his nation. Truly will this apply to those who profess their faith in the glorious life to come which Christ declares. If that resurrection state is ours, — if to that we are hastening, — let the question of the apostle be self-applied, "What manner of persons ought we to be in all holy conversation and godliness?" We who believe in the amplest and most glorious final home of which the spirit of mortals can conceive, what should be the indications, in our character, that our belief is with the heart unto righteousness? "Our conversation," (citizenship,) saith the apostle, "is in heaven." Let us ponder that saying.

The pilgrimage of life! What a brief mystery, and into what depths of contemplation does it invite us! He who set the stars in their courses and holds the innumerable systems of creative wonder and glory everywhere around us as in the hollow of his hand, set us on this journey of life. It is ours to improve the journey; and let us so improve it, that its ways shall be pleasantness, and all its paths peace!

THE BURIAL WITH MUSIC.

There is an elevating influence imparted to the susceptible soul, when, at the passing forth of the funeral train for the "narrow house," the strains of music are struck from the dirge-band, not to the ear of the dead, but to the hearts of the living. The

dead-march to me has not that awful, appalling sound which some have heard in it. It has a sweeter, richer tone. I love it, because it speaks not so much of the ghastliness of physical decay and death, as of the renewal of life in its harmony with the imperishable and divine. That which is temporal speaks not, but that which is spiritual. Music is spiritual. It is an angelic voice, and discourses of heaven. And when I hear it, on its approach to the tomb, I give thanks for its inspiration. It helps me to think as I should think, not of darkness, corruption, and disconsolate grief, but of light, of joy, of immortality. It becomes a transport of glorious truth in me.

I have just returned from the grave of the young and aspiring, — of one who has been early cut down by the common destroyer. He loved music when he lived, and his companions bore him away amid its melting and subduing sounds. It was good to be there! Death did not seem gloomy. Ideas of the beautiful, the exquisite, the fadeless and extatic, were enkindled within me.

What is music to us? A development, through material organs, of more of heaven than we can grasp. What is the human soul, but the same? And when that soul ceases its action through the "fearfully and wonderfully" constructed instrument of its earthly being, it is well to honor its departure with that inexplicable voice from the skies, sweet music. For has not this been the imaginary or real attendant of many a departing mortal, as the objects of mortal sense were receding from the vision? Have not then the indescribable strains of heaven-born harmony floated on the ear of the dying listener like echoes of anthems from the immortal sphere? How many have breathed their last in the midst of holy Christian

song! There is now before me the account of a dying saint, whose last words were, "Hark! Don't you hear that entrancing music? I have heard it all this time, and I don't get tired of hearing it. Come, let us go home — what do we wait for? — let us go. I am ready now!"

Let strains of sweet music, then, go up from the quiet resting-place of the earth's dead. Let its inspiration dwell there to cheer hearts of sorrow with bright visions of heaven, to soothe bereaved friendship and love with holy thoughts of God, and blissful revelations of eternity.

MYSTERIES OF HEAVEN.

"Darkly we move — we press upon the brink
Haply of viewless worlds, and know it not;
Yes! it may be, that nearer than we think
Are those whom death has parted from our lot!
Fearfully, wondrously, our souls are made —
Let us walk humbly on, but undismayed!"

MRS. HEMANS.

WHERE is Heaven? Has it locality? Is it, as we have heard, a place where outward glories, beauties and splendors are seen: or is it only inward and spiritual?

That there is indeed a place, — that there are many places or "mansions" in the great universe of the Eternal, where wonders, glories and enjoyments unseen, unfelt by mortals, are realized, we hesitate not to believe. Reason and revelation distinctly intimate, if they do not specially describe, them. We often seek them. Our own souls wing their way

from these earth-born tenements into the clear skies of the Infinite, among the burning mysteries there spread abroad. We ask, not only for our own future resting places, but for the abodes of those who have gone from us, — the loved, the departed, — whose earthly places will know them no more forever. And where in this vast expanse are they? What spot is gladdened with their presence? Do they

> "Walk the earth
> Unseen, both when we sleep and when we wake?"

Are they ministering spirits, whispering to our souls holy words *of* the past and *for* the future? or do they dwell away, where we shall yet meet them in the "house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens," — in "a city that hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God?" How shall these queries be answered? What is the full explanation of these scriptural allusions? How is the highest heaven of the soul described? What language shall make it known?

These questions we must answer as mortals. We have not yet angelic powers. We walk the paths of earth, and have our conversation yet below. In reference to the things we have just spoken of, we are partly in the light — partly in darkness. "Heaven is where virtue is." It has its seat in the godlike soul, — the soul in which pure happiness ever takes up her abode. Wherever goodness, mercy, humility, love, and true adoration exist, there is heaven, — in this or in any other world. This we may safely say we know. The unvarying laws of God warrant such an assurance. But of *the place* where heaven is, apart from the earth, — the central court of the uni-

verse, from whence Almightiness first sends out its mandate and its power, — where cherubim and seraphim adore, and Christ the Saviour dwells, and angels waiting stand to do the perfect will of God, — of this we cannot now know. It is not revealed to us. It is a secret which belongs to God alone: and this is best. It would not greatly benefit us, if we knew its location. We should still be on the earth, — the frail, sinful children of mortality. We should have the same blindness upon us, the same weaknesses to contend against, the same sense of our own imbecility, and of the immeasurable distance between us and the infinite source of all.

Again: similar questions arise in relation to the joys and employments of celestial beings; — how heaven is made happy; how it differs from earth? How many good minds have been busily occupied in endeavors to solve these questions, and how little advancement have they made! It is not right that we should know these things. "It doth not yet appear what we shall be," said the beloved apostle to his brethren; "but we know that when he (Christ) shall appear, we shall be like him, for we shall see him as he is."

A revelation now of that which is in reserve for us hereafter, would be too much for us, with our present constitution, to endure. It would unfit us for earth, its employments and duties, take us from our sphere, and give us, in answer to the present calls and responsibilities of this life, only transports and ecstasies concerning that which is to come. On this subject, the remarks of Dr. Blair are worthy the pen of a Christian writer: —

"Were the celestial glory exposed to our admiring view; did the angelic harmony sound in our enrap-

tured ears; what earthly concerns would have the power of engaging our attention for a single moment? All the studies and pursuits, the arts and labors which now employ the activity of man, which support the order, or promote the happiness, of society, would be neglected and abandoned. Human life would present no objects sufficient to rouse the mind, to kindle the spirit of enterprise, or to urge the hand of industry. Impatient of his confinement within this tabernacle of dust, languishing for the happy day of his translation to those glorious regions which were displayed to the sight, he would sojourn on earth as a melancholy exile. Whatever Providence has prepared for the entertainment of man, would be viewed with contempt. Whatever is now attractive in society would appear insipid. In a word, he would be no longer a fit inhabitant for this world, nor be qualified for those exertions which are allotted to him in his present sphere of being. But all his faculties, being sublimated above the measure of humanity, he would be in the condition of a being of superior order, who, obliged to reside among men, would regard their pursuits with scorn, as dreams, trifles, and puerile amusements of a day."

If, then, we are not yet permitted to understand the secret things which belong to God, what shall we do? Murmur and be disquieted, and refuse to enjoy the present, and the revealed truth of Heaven? Nay, — let us learn that we are deeply concerned in that which is already so clearly made known. We have enough — amply enough to study — of the actually present, the tangible, the positive, without undue anxiety for the unknown of the future — the shadowy, or mysterious. God will open to our understandings all the treasures of his wisdom designed for us, in his

own appointed way — at his own best time. Till then, let us know that we have almost everything yet to learn concerning the very being we now enjoy. How many of us know our own duties, — our relationship to God, — his relationship to us? How many of us understand our own weaknesses, and are profited by what we ought to have learned, long since, in the school of earthly experience? Yes; how many of us who would often be living in the next existence, are fitted to know and enjoy the present? How many know what life is, and how to render it most agreeable to themselves, most conducive to the happiness of others, and thus most acceptable to our Father in heaven?

Until these things are considered as they should be, — until we are made wiser and better from the things already revealed, — more truly enlightened, more zealously engaged in the work of righteousness, more humble, obedient, devotional and pure, — let us not be over-anxious about the mysteries of Heaven, — the secret things which belong to God. He will perform all his gracious promises; he will see that all the purposes of his love are accomplished; he will never leave us nor forsake us. It is for us to imitate him, to be faithful in our sphere, and work together for the good of humanity while the light of heaven shines upon us to cheer our path below.

I cannot, perhaps, more appropriately close this subject, than in the relation of a dream, from the German of Herder: —

"A pious visionary, too deeply absorbed in the contemplation of the Uncreated, forgot thereby the duties of his calling, — the necessary burden of a mortal upon the earth. Once when, in deep reflection, he sat by his midnight lamp, he slumbered, and,

in a dream, the gates of heaven were opened to him and he saw, what he had so long wished to behold, the ever-living throne. It was encircled with fire, and enveloped in clouds of seven-fold darkness, from which lightnings flashed and awful thunders echoed; and before him and behind him was night. Terrified, he awoke, but he had not yet received instruction. He longed to behold the form of the throne, and again he sank into his revealing slumber. Four living creatures bore the throne, and with their faces they looked, and with their wings they darted to the four quarters of the creation, fulfilling the commands of Jehovah. Fiery perspiration ran down from them in streams, and from their unceasing motion they were so confused, they knew not how near they stood to the Throne, or what might be the majesty which they bore. The man-like figure in the holy chariot was just about to approach him, when suddenly, the vision of his slumber vanished, and he awoke still more unquiet than he was before.

"He wished to behold the revealing angel; and the prophetic sleep a third time came over him. The seraphim stood there next to the flaming throne; but their countenances were veiled even to their feet, and to him their song was unintelligible; when one of them approached him, and pityingly said: 'And darest thou, mortal, wish to gaze upon what even we are not permitted to behold? It is enough for thee that the bearers of the throne have been given to thy sight; for thou also art in the midst among them.' He ceased, and the dreamer awoke. Just then a moth flew round his lamp; it darted into the flame, its wings were burned, and it sank down. 'Was not I a fool,' said he to himself, 'to require an angel to teach me that which this little burned moth has

taught me?' He renounced henceforth the contemplation of the seraphim, and became that for which man here below was created, — a living laborer under the throne."

The lesson we may draw from the vision is this: — Since we cannot pierce the clouds and darkness around the throne of Jehovah, let us be content to know that justice and judgment are the habitation thereof; and that our chief duty now is to work beneath it, in the fulness of our soul, might, mind and strength.

THE LONE SURVIVOR.

The following is from an epistle to a minister of the Gospel, who had just buried the only members of his household beside himself — his young companion and infant.

You are now, my dear friend, in affliction; I am not; — and, however great I may imagine the strength of my faith to be, still it is impossible for me to tell how much of it would remain, to bless me, if such affliction as you have known should be mine. Still, I devoutly pray that whatever trials and afflictions come, my soul may rise and not fall; — rise upwards through the darkness, cloud, and storm, and rest on the towering heights of Christian faith, where

> "Sweet heavenly fields their bloom display,
> No root of bitterness is found;
> The sun of love shines all the day,
> And spreads a joyous scene around."

I trust that you will be able to maintain confidence in God; that you will now see what we *must* learn, —

that all our blessings are from above. Our Father gave them, or, rather, he loans them to us, and can call for them just when he pleases. Here, I know, is the great mistake into which we fall. We obtain our blessings, and conclude that we shall retain them forever. We bind them closely to our hearts, and seem to think they will not go from us. I know it is wisely ordained that we should enjoy present benefits; but I believe, also, that we should make up our minds, deliberately and seriously, to part with them at any moment when called upon of Heaven to make this sacrifice.

I often think, what should I be, if I stood bereft as you are — as others of my dear friends have been? Ah, weakness! I fear I might repine; — that the bright and beautiful visions of the past would come in upon me, and mock me with their unapproachable loveliness. And then I should know that all this was but pleasant dreaming, — that death had been and taken that from me which no earthly power could replace. And I should feel that in the present, in the little past, and even in the distant future, there was much of darkness, much of desolateness which might be seen and felt. My anguish would be deep, my nights restless, my days filled up with fitful thoughts, and sighs, and moanings — all of which the world might not see. I should be seeking an intercourse with the departed, (even though imaginary,) which might never be broken off, but which faith tells me would be renewed in the eternal future. But, then, I now hope I should be able to ascend high enough to see away, beyond this darkness, into that boundless life which my God has given me. At such a season it will be needful for me to know that I am still in the illimitable school-room of experience, of

acquisition, of enjoyment; that duty calls me; that I must arise and go on, for this place is not my rest. Other employments, pleasures, trials await me. I must learn now just how to appraise earthly love; how to set a high value on that which "many waters cannot quench nor the floods drown" — the enduring, unfailing love of God.

Yes, my brother, we must move onward. Think of this. Your dear ones are in God's hands. You believe this. He will take care of them till you join them. Do not be too much a child. Finish your work like a Christian. Strength equal to your day will be given. Still delight in doing good; in receiving and imparting happiness. And when the word comes for you to lay down your armor, then do it, and go to rest like a true warrior, awaiting that moment of bliss when the long departed loved ones shall appear to you, clothed in the fair garments of everlasting life and blessedness, to be taken from you no more forever.

DEATH, THE ENEMY AND FRIEND.

DEATH is called in the Scriptures an enemy of man. It is so, because most men are afraid of it, and see in it only a destroyer. They have bestowed so much attention on the present life, that they have never thought upon death as a just appointment of Heaven. They only see that it cuts them off from present temporal enjoyments. Or, they have had such erroneous views of death and the future, that they start back with horror from the thought of an-

nihilation or endless suffering. And so to such, death seems an enemy.

It is called by the apostle Paul, "the last enemy," because it is the last one that shall be destroyed. When death shall have done its work with man, then it shall be no more; but shall be "swallowed up of life" immortal. We have heard of destroying enemies by making friends of them. This is one of the best of all ways to destroy an enemy; and thus is death destroyed to those who believe with the heart in the teachings of Jesus. Jesus died and rose again, and has changed death from an enemy to a friend of man. The Christian can welcome this friend, and say, "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?" O for that faith which shall welcome death as a friend!

A MOTHER'S DEATH.

WHAT scene can be more sacred than that realized at the death-bed of a virtuous mother? Life's visions fading with the wasting form, — tie after tie breaking asunder, — associations of unutterable interest rushing in from the past upon the minds of the waiting group around, — fond looks, low whispers, impressive signs, watchings of the pulse and breath, till the flame of life flickers and goes out in silence and in peace! — then the outflow of grief from survivors. These are scenes in the room of death, — sad scenes; and yet their sadness may be turned into joy.

How? By knowing that this is not only a mother's death, but a Christian's victory. I have just witnessed such a scene, where death's sadness

was overspread with the beauty and loveliness of Christian faith; where the grave had no terror, and death no sting; where, amid the sighs and tears of living mourners, the calm and serene countenance of the departing one, speaks a welcome to the "tyrant king!" What a lesson of sublime truth is here!

When other members of the family circle are taken away, — the kind father, the fond brother or sister, — if the faithful mother remains, with her wisdom and love to counsel and direct, the loss to the family seems not so heavy to be borne; but when the lot falls upon the dearest of all, and she whose words first breathed peace, and whose affection has never known failure, departs, here is a wound that earthly skill has no power to heal. If there is nothing in the wide world like the mother's enduring love, there is no event of more grievous import than the virtuous mother's death.

And, yet, not grievous only. For let us know that mothers cannot live here forever. The strongest ties in the family circle must be sundered; the path must be left for others who come after to walk in. All die; and if all, then mothers. But let us take the Christian view of their departure. Are not the associations connected with our past friendships among the dearest of all on earth? And when our friends have departed, do not these associations still remain to bless us, and make our hearts more holy? Do we not love to live in their influence, and to drink of their bliss? Yea. Then, if all friends must go, and the mother is to be numbered among them, is it not a wise ordination of Heaven that her sacred and salutary influence is left with the children; that her undying friendship is cherished and kept burning on the altar of the soul? Who but God could have caused a

mother's influence thus to live when her earthly form has faded away? Is it not the work of that same love seen in the golden richness shed abroad in the heavens long after the orb of day has gone down in the west? Yet moral splendor is above the brightness of the sun. Such is the glory of the Christian mother's life, when death's demands are done with her, and she lives on and on in the memories of kindred survivors.

Reader, have you a fond mother? If you ever stand at her bedside, when she bids the earth adieu, you will afterwards look on that moment as one of the most eventful of your existence. May Heaven prepare you to meet it!

LIGHT IN DARKNESS.

Under heaviest sorrows and afflictions, we need not deem the blessing of divine aid and comfort impossible. God "is not far from every one of us," then. He can cause "light to shine out of darkness," can give us salutary instruction in the midst of deepest grief and sharpest pain. Thousands have found this true; and from rooms of protracted illness and suffering, and beds of anguish, have seen the lights above, and have been cheered with unutterable consolation. Has it not been truly written:

"Hopes round the darkest couch may bloom,
That sprung not 'neath the prosperous sun,
As night-blown flowers, that cheer the gloom,
The day beam shun.

"Chambers secured from solar glare
Admit a radiance lovelier far;
Oft on the soul hath risen there
Its morning star."

NOBLE RESOLVE.

MAY not the Christian truly say to his heavenly Father, what Siebenkäs says to Destiny? "It is thy intention to try my soul, good Destiny, and therefore dost thou put it into every position, as a man does his watch, into a perpendicular and a horizontal position, easy and uneasy ones, in order to see whether it goes well, and shows the time correctly. Verily it shall!" Is it not the Christian's privilege and joy to say of God, "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him?"

THE DEPARTED COMPANION.

CONSOLATORY — TO A BEREAVED FRIEND.

"Quenched is the spirit's light,
From the filmed vision of our mortal eyes;
Extinguished here to shine beyond the skies
The more intensely bright."

THE night, my dear friend, has come; and I have wept with you in your bereavement and desolateness in this lone hour. And although through the long day excessively occupied, yet a pause must be had — a sacred pause, full of deep reality, impressive thought, wonderful instruction, unutterable emotion. Come faith, come hope, — speak the word of inspiration!

Tell us, creatures of frailty and dust, not so much of our earthly weakness, as of our heavenly strength; not so much of death, as of life; not of the

"Flickering pulse, glazed eye, and brow with shadow o'er it thrown;"

of death, with its dreariness and darkness, its damps and chills, its shrouds and tombs; but of freedom from all these; of the resurrection, of heaven, glory, honor and immortality! Soothe and bless us with assurances of "a better country, that is, an heavenly," where God shall wipe away all tears, and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain. On this holy mission,

"Come — condescending Spirit — come!"

You are sufficiently acquainted with my heart to anticipate in some degree my thoughts concerning you on this impressive occasion. Deeply do I feel with you that we have lost a friend, sister, companion, mother, and Christian; one whose virtues were continually weaving new cords of affection around us, binding our spirits more closely to her own. Solemnly are we led to look upon the past, when life and actual intercourse were so free, and contrast that with the present, upon which such a cloud of darkness has been lowered. She whom we loved has departed. No more shall we greet her "this side the realm where angels have their birth." God help us to say "'t is well! tis well!"

During my acquaintance with that now sainted spirit of our mutual Christian affection, it has seemed to me that we were forbidden to promise ourselves

too much in her earthly presence with us. She has even seemed to understand that at no distant period she would give us the word of departure, and go to her other, her everlasting home. This impression on my mind has rendered my acquaintance with her one of melancholy pleasantness, and my sympathy for you in view of her departure such, as knowing my own susceptibilities, I have never attempted to describe. This I cannot now do. My soul is too full for adequate utterance. Let us be still, and know that God reigns.

You sorrow; and well you may. You and your tender offspring now sustain an irreparable loss.

> "Many may love them — and you, in truth
> Be loved — but not with the love of youth;
> Ever around your joy will come
> A stealing sigh for that long-loved home;
> And *her* step and *her* voice will go glidingly by
> In the desolate halls of memory!"

This is the dark side. But when at frequent times you view it, do not forget to cast an eye upon the other. In God's chastisements, forget not his mercies. How full of thanksgiving should you be that the Father of all ever gave you such a companion; that so long he permitted you to hold communion with such a spirit; a spirit that has infused its like into your loved offspring, into your own heart, into everything connected with your hallowed home! She has sanctified that home forever. Give thanks! And then, she was a Christian, — she was A CHRISTIAN. And when I say this, what a word is it! The dark cloud is pierced; the mists scatter; and a radiance from the everlasting throne bids gloom

depart and rejoicing come. "O grave, where is thy victory?"

Therefore, faint not. Walk on. True, the pathway is dark just now, and you seem bewildered. But this is the way — right on; — and God, and Christ, and ministering spirits are here. You will not be forsaken. Pray, praise, have faith! Say, "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him." You know the rest. "They that trust in the Lord shall be as Mount Zion that cannot be removed, but abideth forever." So trust, and so abide.

Sainted spirit of the departed! Never will the holy influence given out by thee when in thy earthly habitation, leave this soul. Thy mildness, faithfulness, decision, resignation; how have they instructed me, and with what earnest pleading comes thy life to make me faithful, vigilant, and true, "always abounding in the work of the Lord!" And now thou hast gone up to thy rest, and we are to see thee no more, we will rejoice in thy emancipatien, and still commune together, — "one in Christ Jesus," — may we not? Clothed upon as thou art with thy heavenly house, wilt thou not continue to instruct and bless us?

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Accept, beloved friend, this involuntary outpouring of my meagre thoughts. Poor though they be, they are thine, — all I can bestow. But they are fresh from the heart, — a heart whose prayers and sympathies will mingle with yours while hand in hand we walk the shores of time, awaiting in faith our departure to that better land where sorrow and death come not, and life immortal reigns.

"Anoint, O Lord, anoint our sight,
And fit us for that world of light!"

A VOICE FROM THE GATES OF DEATH.

THERE are pains of body and trials of the spirit, which, from their very protractedness, declare to us that "it is not all of death to die;" that death may be long endured ere the last pang comes, and the free spirit has escaped from its earthly thraldom. We have an instance before us in the history of one who was struck down with disease, and a part of whose frame was paralyzed. His disorder was painful, his agonies very great, the paroxysms causing him to cry out in anguish, and to writhe in almost unendurable torment. He had, when in health and strength, officiated as a Christian minister, attempting to impart consolation to others in the midst of their afflictions of body and soul. Now, in his time of adversity, he needs himself the same truth of God to lean upon. And he finds it. Though apparently dying during each week and month of these years, and having, in addition to his bodily afflictions, the unwelcome presence of something like want of the temporal blessings of life, still he has faith and hope in the all-wise Disposer. He thus writes to a faithful friend, from the place of severe discipline which the Father had assigned him, this testimony of a believing heart:

"Dearly beloved:—The afflicting hand of the Lord has lain heavily upon me for the last three and a half years. For the last two years I have been entirely confined to my bed, and am not able now to sit up a minute;—hence what little I write is done while lying down. My complaint is an affection of the spine, and is attended with the most excruciating pain. No pen can describe, no imagination can conceive, the agony that I endure; and I expect it will soon bring me down to the grave. Truly can I say,

that long days and wearisome nights are appointed unto me. Much of the time, for the two last years, I have viewed myself as just entering upon a boundless eternity; and I can say, in the sincerity of my heart, that at such times I found Universalism just what I expected, and just what I needed in that trying hour. Indeed, it is the 'one thing needful,' the 'pearl of great price,' 'the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth.' How much longer I shall be called to grapple with the pain and distress of this 'body of death,' I know not; but fully satisfied am I, that the 'sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory that shall be revealed in us'—'For the earnest expectation of the creature waiteth for the manifestation of the sons of God'—'Because the creature itself, also, shall be delivered from the bondage of corruption, into the glorious liberty of the children of God.'

"If God is a being of infinite wisdom, as we firmly believe he is, he can make no mistake in devising the best plans. If he possesses almighty power, as none will deny, then he will carry into effect all the purposes of his unbounded wisdom. Moreover, if he is infinitely good, if he is love, if his tender mercies are over all his works, then his wisdom and power will be directed to benevolent ends.

"With these premises, which none will deny or controvert, how can I, how can any one, come to the conclusion that a part of the human family will wail in hopeless misery in the future world? Will God change? will he cease to be love? will his tender mercies be withdrawn from a part of his creatures? will the Saviour change? will he become the enemy of some of those for whom he died? I cannot believe it! God is unchangeable, Christ is the same yester-

day, to-day, and forever. It is God's will that all men shall be saved and come unto the knowledge of the truth. Jesus came down from heaven to do the will of his Father. All power was given into his hands; power over all flesh, that he should give eternal life to as many as were given him; and 'this is life eternal, that they might know thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent.' What stronger evidence of the final restitution can we desire? It is enough — 'Lord, I believe; help thou mine unbelief.' With this view of the subject we can say with the apostle, 'We know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.'

"During my long illness, reports have come from distant neighborhoods, that I had renounced my faith. But, bless God, it is not so! No, I have no faith to spare, — none that I can renounce, surely. I would that I had much more of the same than I now possess. I only regret that I have not believed the doctrine longer, preached it more faithfully, and lived more in accordance with its holy requirements. Were I to renounce Universalism, I should renounce my belief in God, in Christ, in a future state of existence, and in everything that belongs to the Christian religion.

'Should all the forms which men devise
Assault my faith with treacherous art,
I 'd call them vanity and lies,
And bind the Gospel to my heart.'

"In this assurance of God's goodness, let me live my few remaining days; with these consoling hopes, let

me pass through the valley and shadow of death, and I shall fear no evil. Whatever else I may lose, O, deprive me not of the consolations of this precious faith! It is my meat and my drink; sweeter than honey, or the honey-comb. It is my meditation all the day, my comfort and solace all the long and weary night. 'As the hart pants for the water brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God!'

"How infinitely superior are the comforts and consolations of the believer in the great restitution, compared with those of the believer in a partial and limited salvation! And how foolish the oft-repeated declaration, that "if Universalism is *true*, there can be no benefit in believing it!" Look at the sad countenances of the believers in endless suffering! Witness their sighs and lamentations, when called to part with dear and loved ones whom they consider unprepared to meet God. Does it make no difference with them, whether their friends go to heaven or to hell? Would it not greatly increase their happiness, to believe their departed friends were happy?—Indeed it would. Thousands, myself among the number, who have once believed the doctrine of endless punishment, are now rejoicing in the faith and hope of meeting a ransomed world, purified from every stain of sin,—death swallowed up in the victory of life, and tears wiped from every face. And think you our happiness is not increased? Yea; more than an hundred fold! Most affectionately, then, would I invite all who may read or hear these words, to examine the evidences of impartial grace and salvation recorded in the Scriptures, and spread out before us in the volume of nature. There shall they find that expression of truth which led an apostle to say, 'For I am persuaded that neither death nor life, nor

angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.'"

SHALL WE KNOW ONE ANOTHER IN THE FUTURE?

"How shall I know thee in the sphere which keeps
The disembodied spirit of the dead,
When all of thee that time could wither, sleeps
And perishes among the dust we tread?"

BRYANT.

IT was an anxious inquiry of a young mother, with whose death I was not long since acquainted, — an inquiry made in view of her speedy departure from the present life, — if she should know her companion and children and friends in the future? She seemed to have no doubt of the life to come, and of that ample goodness which should provide for all the wants of mankind. But then, in reference to one desire of the soul, — that desire to know and to mingle with other loved and kindred souls, — there was this anxiousness which could not be suppressed.

It was a natural anxiousness. Many are the instances where this inquiry has been made, near or remote as the time of death might have been to those who raised it. It is a question full of deepest interest to every one who has shared the social blessings of the present life, and looks forward only through a separation from these endearments, to a new sphere of existence beyond the grave. Conscious as we may feel of the certainty and reality of the future being,

friendship and love cannot rest here. They will ask, Shall we know and enjoy one another in the future? This is affection's, this is love's inquiry; and the soul seeks for a conviction that shall answer it.

We have this idea brought strongly out in the dialogue between a Turk who had just been redeemed from slavery by a Venetian. The former was a Mohammedan, the latter a Christian. They were parting forever on earth; and the creed of the rigid Mohammedan denied to unbelievers a meeting in the future life. "We shall not meet again," said he. "Not here!" replied his Christian deliverer.

——"But what a dull, unmeaning thing
This life would be, and what a blank hereafter,
Were those we love, and those who love us, but
The visions of an hour! Aye, aye, we must!
I would shrink back from the bright vales of heaven,
Though borne by angels thither, were mine eyes
In their inquiry through its gaze of glory
To meet but strangers there!"

It is doubt on this point that embitters death to the dying and to the survivor. It is not the doubt of a future being; but it is anxiety as to the mode of that being. We do not tell the world all that we feel on this subject. Surviving friends mourn the departure of a loved one, and the world passes coldly on, knowing not how deep the wound may be, till each one in turn is called to drink of the same bitter cup. Then come the clouds down upon the pathway of life that had been never so sunny before; then is realized that loneliness which can only be satisfied with all that is conveyed in the Christian assurance of a heavenly reünion.

And this assurance is given. Our Father has not

left us without a witness here. Christ, after his earthly separation from his companions and friends, would enjoy spiritual communion with them. Where he was, he would have them. "Father, I will that they also whom thou hast given me, be with me where I am."* The relationships here formed he would have endure, unbroken by all vicissitude. And what was this word of Jesus but a word from the depths of our nature? a word, too, which he knew was answered in the fulness of Him who "filleth all in all." Yes, he who ordained these intermingling and enduring connections, and remembrances, and social delights of our earthly being, would not mock his children by leaving them in darkness at the very point where they most needed light, and comfort, and peace.

He is not thus unmindful of that soul, with all its spiritual capacities and aspirations, which he has breathed into his offspring. If we will ask the great question here, his truth will give us an answer; and such an answer as will lead us to regard the future, not with distrust or trembling, but with "joy unspeakable and full of glory." Let us ask, then, of the Christian revelation, concerning the recognition of kindred and friends in the life to come.

1. We find an affirmative answer to the question now before us, in the fact that the resurrection state is spoken of as one of individual life. It is not as one great soul absorbed, after the dissolution of the body, into the great spirit of the universe, that the resurrection is made known. It is clothing with a heavenly body, the individual intellectual and moral identity. Each one in that state shall live unto him-

* John xvii. 24.

self, else to him as an individual there has been no actual resurrection. "As we have borne the image of the earthy, we shall also bear the image of the heavenly." As we know ourselves here, so must we there; and as we know ourselves, so may we know others; so bear with us those relations and remembrances which are essentially a part of ourselves. If remembrances now painful are then called up, we have reason to believe, from the fact that in that existence "there shall be no more pain," that, by overflowing enjoyment, the bitterness of such remembrances will be taken away.

If these recollections, then, exist, why not reünion of friends? Although here are two distinct considerations, yet can we separate them, in our present view, the one from the other? Will not that goodness which ushers us into this future being, with all these endearing remembrances, answer them in the society of those, whom, of all other kindred beings, we most desire to see? Will our beneficent Father permit the recollection, and yet withhold from it that only accompaniment which would render it a blessing instead of an affliction? We cannot so reason. It is impossible. God will not thus mock his creatures. In that life to come which his Gospel unfolds, where we shall see as we are seen, and know as we are known, all that can make our individuality a blessing, will be bestowed upon us. No want shall be unsatisfied, no holy aspiration unanswered or disregarded, by that Love which knows no bounds.

As we stand here below amid the myriads of evidences of divine goodness and mercy, and as our brightest and most promising joys arise from association with individuals, who, while memory lives, have endeared themselves to our souls, so, in that resurrec-

tion world, shall our nature be blessed with a similar enjoyment. There, evidences of this divine grace will accumulate, and widen, and expand before our spiritual vision; and brightest among these evidences shall appear the loved ones whose very being, and all that it embodies, our memories have so sacredly enshrined. Disprove this, and incongruity, confusion, affliction, abound in all our present and our future being. Some of the brightest lights of our existence but "lead to bewilder and dazzle to blind." Some of its most esteemed treasures are but empty as the wind. But let this be clearly seen in Reason's and in Revelation's cloudless day, and the kindred sympathies and hopes and joys, which here come clustering round us to make glad our earthly pilgrimage, are all winged angels of celestial birth, announcing still greater and happier bestowments of our Father's love in the glorious and interminable future.

2. Again, let us bear it in mind, that heaven is not a happy unless a social state. This is a most significant thought, and will shed great light upon the question before us. We cannot think of the heaven of full happiness in the present or the future, where individuals live only to themselves; where each soul has its own sphere, unapproachable by any other soul, and ever unmoved by kindred influences from without itself. Though the good mind may be satisfied of itself, it cannot be satisfied in perpetual solitude. One of the most cheering and admirable traits of our Christianity is, that it acts socially, that it works its holy influences, heart on heart, soul on soul; teaching the great truth that no man liveth, that no man dieth, unto himself; that our neighbor and brother hath need of our words, our presence, our influence, our

aid; and that we can never be freed from that most sacred social obligation ever promulgated on earth or in heaven, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

And if the Christianity of the present shall be that of the future, (and it will be, else Christ is not the same yesterday, to-day and forever,) this obligation will remain, revealing itself with more clearness as heavenly ages roll on, and the energies of the redeemed soul are unfolded and improved. Our chief enjoyment in that life will be, that it is a life of association,— that minds, with all their loves and sympathies, commingle, and give and impart knowledge, enjoyment and bliss, and that this communion shall remain thus joyous and unbroken forever.

Into a social heaven, then, shall our affections be welcomed. The loved and cherished here will there be sought, and found, and enjoyed. For, only ask, what would heaven be to the mother, if the child of her affection could never be known to her? What all its other attractions, inward or outward, if it be her doom to realize these without one joy of recognition or communion in that presence, which, if denied, would render even the highest heaven intolerable to her true and trusting parent's heart? Why, this alone seems to bring conviction to the soul, that the attachments and affections of the present will be renewed in the future existence.

"For when the mother meets on high
The babe she lost in infancy,
Hath she not then, for pains and fears,
The day of woe, the watchful night,
For all her sorrows, all her tears,
An over-payment of delight?"

No, no; without this heaven of reünion, we could not be satisfied. We shall there "love to live, and live to love;" shall love the dear ones who were our special kindred while in this transient life; shall love, too, with a righteous and commendable love, myriads of other beings, who with us in common enjoy the smiles of a Father's beneficence. Heaven, then, is social. All our conceptions of it correspond with this idea. Associated enjoyment shall be one of the most profound delights it can confer.

3. We read proofs of this doctrine of reünion, in the Scriptures. What but this is meant in that prayer of Jesus, that they whom he here knew and loved as friends, might be with him in the heavenly state? What but this is signified in the language of the apostle, "For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so, them also which sleep in (or through) Jesus, will God bring with him. — Comfort one another with these words. — When Christ who is our life shall appear, then shall we also appear with him in glory!"* What but this means the writer to the Hebrews, when he speaks of "the general assembly of the church of the first-born, which are written in heaven?"† and the Revelator, when he hears "in heaven as it were, the voice of a great multitude, and as the voice of many waters, and as the voice of mighty thunderings, and the voice of harpers harping with their harps?"‡ and some of the words of the celestial chorus, "Now unto him that washed us in his own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God, be glory and honor forever?" These, and other passages of the same import, abundantly corroborate the other considerations already

* 1 Thess. iv. 14, 18. Col. iii. 4. † Heb. xii. 23. ‡ Rev. xiv. 2.

before us in evidence of our knowledge and enjoyment of one another in the life to come.

Comfort and consolation are given us in these views. We have treasures of the soul in that glorious life. Yes, we have interest in the dead, as really as we have it in the living. No eternal separation of sympathetic souls, under the government of the Eternal! We live not unto ourselves, but for others, now and evermore. God grant us spiritual insight to comprehend more and more of this marvellous truth!

DEATH OF THE SINFUL.

THERE is a glowing passage somewhere in the writings of Miss Bremer, which reads: — "But the sinful — those degraded to a brutal condition — the villains who live and die in darkness, in the night of misery and ignorance! Friendly stars which shine so brightly, — mysterious lamps of heaven, — I look up to you full of hope! You are worlds for hope — higher places of education for the unfortunate children of earth! I imagine myself in ye! Oh! yes, I can surely hope!"

Is there hope for the sinful who die unrepentant, or without having given evidence of their pardon and peace? Does this question surprise any reader? It is equally surprising to the writer that a Christian theology should make it necessary for us to ask it. For doubts and misgivings envelop it to many minds. It seems to such minds impossible for the divine mercy to reach the sinful in the life to come; as though his power and grace could not as surely and

effectually extend to them in one stage of their existence as in another.

Let us refer to a striking instance, wherein our question may in some good degree be answered. There is the record, in the Second Book of Samuel, of the death of Amnon, the son of David. He was beloved of his father, as the first-born, and as a son of much talent and promise. But his heart had become diseased: he was one of the most reckless and revolting of transgressors, and inflicted one of the most flagrant outrages on his father's house that mortal depravity is capable of effecting. He was slain, in the midst of his sins, by the hand of his own brother, Absalom. The tidings of his untimely death reached his father David. We may imagine the grief of his soul, — a parent's grief for a child of its affections, though that child was numbered among the grievous transgressors of divine and human law. Never was son more sincerely mourned by a parent, although that parent knew, as truly as any other mortal might have known, of the greatness of his iniquity.

But, deep as his guilt has been, and condemnatory in the sight of heaven and earth, is there no hope for his recovery from its depths, now that he has passed away from these earthly life scenes, — these strivings and defeats and victories of the human soul, as it answers to the temptations which meet it on every hand? We have the answer in the record of truth. "He was comforted concerning Amnon, seeing he was dead."

And if he was thus comforted, he had reasons for such assurance. He was one of the prophets of the living God; and though to him there had not come all that brightness of the revelation of Immortality which in subsequent days of the ministry of Jesus

burst upon the world, he had not that view of the future which would lead him to despair of the redemption of the sinful from the power of sin. He had hope for this profligate offspring, this first-born of his paternal affection, this son of his trial and affliction, yet of his undying love. He had hope in that God whose praise he so often sung in his devotional strains; that God who "is good unto all, whose tender mercies are over all his works," and whose "mercy endureth forever." He had contemplated the vast government of the King of kings and Lord of lords; he knew that it had all resources to secure the best good of his children; that they could not go out of his paternal presence, whether they ascended to heaven, made their bed in the grave, or took the wings of the morning to fly to the ends of the earth. And in this sustaining and satisfying conviction, he "was comforted concerning Amnon, seeing he was dead."

This was not only in accordance with the instruction of God's truth to him, but most salutary and supporting of all things to a parent's heart. For to whom can paternal anxiety look, under such bereavement, but to the great Source of all wisdom and mercy and love? All parents will rest their petitions and hopes there, when death comes and takes from them the bright and fair in virtue's way, or the straying and unfaithful, who have left her blessed paths for the service of sin. Paternal love cannot think of them as cast off from the Lord forever.

And when we mourn the death of the sinful, — those who have passed away from us without having given signs of true repentance, of reformation, — we are not only encouraged to hope that God, in his great mercy, may find some way of escape for them from the evils of the tempter and the misery of the sinful

beyond the grave; we believe, joyfully believe, what others tremblingly pray for, — that God's everlasting love will be around them in and beyond the valley of the shadow of death. "For we must needs die, and are as water spilt on the ground, which cannot be gathered up again: neither doth God respect any person; yet doth he devise means that his banished be not expelled from him. Neither death nor life shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord." * Thus can we hope for the dead, whatever may have been their character; for all the banished in the present or future existence, and know that God in his infinite wisdom has devised plans for their redemption from sin, and their instruction in righteousness.

For, surely, that God who is rich in mercy and goodness in the present state of being, will not be less so in that which is to come. No change can come to him. This present reign of darkness, unbelief, sorrow and sin, are under his holy direction. What more can we ask? what that is better conceive? Our God and Father reigns. His children will not be out of the reach of his almighty arm. His sinful sons shall be scourged, chastised, adequately corrected and restored. Though they live and die with moral defilement upon them and in them, what is it but their redemption from evil that makes the plan of his grace in Christ Jesus so glorious? Why are our conceptions of this redemption power so faint? Why do we suffer ourselves to be so blinded by practical unbelief, as not to realize that God's ways are all to eventuate in good to his children? And who does not need this good, — this redemption which is in Christ Jesus, — redemption for those now most or

* 2 Samuel xiv. 14. Rom. viii. 38, 39.

least affected by sin? In Christ is the fountain of pardon opened, in the revelation of God's mercy and love.

"The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may we, though vile as he,
Wash all our sins away."

If David could be comforted that his sinful son would surely be no worse when death had taken him, than while he here lived and so flagrantly transgressed, surely may we have hope in that word which says to us always, in our lamentations over the ravages of sin and the awfulness of death, "Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted. Ye believe in God, believe also in me. For it pleased the Father that in him should all fulness dwell; and having made peace by the blood of his cross, by him to reconcile all things unto himself; by him, I say, whether they be things on earth or things in heaven."

THE ANOINTED VISION.

THAT was a good word in a friendly epistle to bereaved parents who had just laid an infant in the grave:

"Our hearts were very sad when we read of the fading, in your home, of that sweet little bud which opened its leaves for a moment near your hearts, and then was transplanted. But we know that yours was the anointed vision that could see it *only* transplanted, and recognize the hand of that tender Gardener who so often removes his choicest flowers to the garden above. And so we were comforted for you."

MEDITATIONS IN SICKNESS.

"There is an hour when the heart is bowed —
When sickness gathers its heavy cloud,
Which sinks on the bosom, and shrouds the brain;
'T is a cloud whence the spirit can drink no rain!
There is but one smile can its spirit illume —
'T is a light which can scatter the darkest gloom.
O'er the earth and sky it is poured abroad —
'T is the glow of heaven — the smile of God!"

THE SICK-ROOM.

If the sick-room is sometimes a place of darkness and sadness, of deprivation and suffering, why may it not be also a place of light and joy, of improvement and gain? May it not be that the kind Father of our spirits has confined us here that we may learn some lessons of his truth and grace which we have omitted to treasure up in other places and by other means? For we are too often thoughtless, heedless children. Health and fulness of strength make us forget God. This prostration may cause us to remember him — to remember him for good. Why is this sickness brought upon us? By our own disregard of the laws of health and life? What but justice do we see in this correction? Heaven help us to receive it wisely! Hath it not come of our wrong doing? Let us still trust the great directing hand. That will work out the solution to us in a wisdom that knows no erring. Let us attend to our lesson in the sick-room. There is meaning in it, as there is in every dispensation of our Father. If life in the world abroad hath its teachings, — if other places may be made instructive to us, other rooms be sanctified, — why may not the sick-room be our station of life

and duty for a while, our spiritual laboratory, where, unable to toil in body, we may be working out some new life of faith, which shall make other places hereafter houses of God and gates of heaven?

SICKNESS A FRIEND.

"I know, O Lord, that thou in faithfulness hast afflicted me." Ps. cxix. 75.

We do not always know our friends. They may be nearer to us than we imagine. How many men know not their best friend, near as he is to them! How many think their God an enemy, while he is their kindest benefactor! May not sickness, though so often appearing as an affliction, prove to us a blessing? It surely hath friendly dealing with us. It will not flatter our vanity; it will not feed our pride; it will not teach us to put our trust in man; it has no tendency to create unbelief. But it does tell us plainly how small we are, and how dependent, and how well it is that we should occasionally know the value of our mercies by a change of circumstances, and by new evidences of the skill of the divine hand in dealing with us. Rightly exercised by this chastisement, we shall find our darkness made light, and our weakness strength in the Lord. With many a soul hath sickness proved a salutary corrector, leading its subject to say in the words of the Psalmist, "Before I was afflicted, I went astray, but now have I kept thy word." "It is good for me that I have been afflicted." In sweet accordance with the Christian idea of chastisement, is that effusion given us by the pen of Tholuck, entitled "The Mohammedan Saints."

" Rabia, sick upon her bed,
By two saints was visited.

Holy Malik, Hassan wise;
Men of mark in Moslem eyes.

Hassan says — 'Whose prayer is pure,
Will God's chastisements endure.'

Malik, from a deeper sense,
Uttered his experience —

'He who loves his Master's choice,
Will in chastisement rejoice.'

Rabia saw some selfish will
In their maxims lingering still,

And replied — 'O men of grace!
He who sees his Master's face,

Will not in his prayer recall
That he is chastised at all!' "

PRAYER IN SICKNESS.

"Is any afflicted, let him pray." James v. 13.

Prayer is a privilege under all the allotments of life. It is one of the Christian's strong-holds in affliction. It is the light of the sick-chamber, streaming through its thickest darkness, and rendering visible the paternal hand that made all things. It is a blessing in health; it is a double blessing when health is gone, as the spirit as well as its body would seek repose from the rude jar of the world. Prayer can bring this repose. It can smooth the pillow of disease, quiet the throbbing of the feverish pulse, cast the heart's burdens on the Lord, allay the anguish of

the spirit. It proves the truth of the poet's conception, that "afflictions are the gales that bear us to heaven." It was the experience realized through intercourse with heaven in prayer, which caused another to say, "I know of no greater blessing than health, except sickness and pain."

ENDURANCE OF PAIN.

"Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him." Job xiii. 15.

There is an endurance as well as an enjoyment of life. We know something of this endurance when pain comes to deal with us, and we are compelled to realize its sharpness and bitterness for long hours, or days, or months, or years. If we cannot become inured to it, we may be strengthened to bear it. Dreadful as it often is to be borne, it is not the most dreadful of evils. It has strengthened and refined many a spirit. It aided in making perfect the Captain of our Salvation. He has given us his example of endurance. And what a power is there in this! "Tempted in all points as we are," he had the temptation which pain brings. But he yielded to no discouragement or unfaithfulness through it all. That prayer, "Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me, nevertheless, not my will but thine be done," tells us how he triumphed. "If ye endure chastening, God dealeth with you as with sons; for what son is he whom the father chasteneth not?"

"There is a secret in the ways of God
With his own children, which no others know,
That sweetens all he does; and if such peace

While under his afflicting hand we find,
What will it be to see him as he is,
And pass the reach of all that now disturbs
The tranquil soul's repose? To contemplate
In retrospect unclouded all the means
By which his wisdom has prepared his saints
For the vast weight of glory which remains!
Come then, affliction, if my Father bids,
And be my frowning friend. A friend that frowns
Is better than a smiling enemy."

NO FEARS OF DEATH.

"Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me." Ps. xxiii. 4.

Unbelief and error render death the king of terrors. Where they come to the couch of the dying, we wonder not that there is gloom, and fear, and unutterable agony. But where Christian hope looks away from this present time, beyond the conflict of death, and takes hold on the future, it finds that future all bright with the promise and power of God. Heavenly inspiration bids this hope rejoice and say,—"God will redeem my soul from the power of the grave; for he shall receive me. My flesh and my heart faileth; but God is the strength of my heart, and my portion forever. For I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."

Sutton, in his old work entitled "Learn to Die," has the following quaint, yet admonitory observations: "When Moses saw his rod turned into a serpent, it

did at first somewhat affright him, for he began to step from it. But when God commanded him to take hold thereof, he found afterward, by many effects, it did him and the people of God much good. At first sight, DEATH doth fray our natural weakness, and we begin to shrink from it; but having confidence in God, who hath willed us not to fear, we find it a means to divide the waters of many tribulations, to make us a passage from the wilderness of this world unto a better, even the land of rest."

NIGHT-MUSINGS IN SICKNESS.

"Wearisome nights are appointed unto me." Job vii. 3.

And who hath appointed them? He whose wisdom designed and whose power created all things; whose thoughts and ways are high above ours as the heavens are higher than the earth. And what though, through the watches of this night, pain and weakness must be my companions, let me know that this is but a part of the great and wonderful operations of the Father of all in his universe. Still is he good, and still he doeth good continually. His praises are hymned during this night-silence with mortals, by innumerable hosts and innumerable worlds. Other spirits are cheered with hopeful, thankful, exultant emotions. Let mine be. Yes, even in this night's affliction, let me praise the name of the Lord. That gloomy night in prison did his servants Paul and Silas sing praises unto him, — praises which were preludes to their deliverance and victory! What was that prison to them in its darkness and dreariness, while they held such communion with the bright-

ness and glory of heaven? And what may every sick-room be but an altar of praise, a temple of thanksgiving, a spiritual banqueting place? Here let me meditate on that Providence whose care extends to the minutest creation of his hand, whose paternal affection can know no change, and who, as he causes his lights to shine in the firmament all through the night's solemn darkness, can shed upon the stricken spirit, in its lone chamber, or on its bed, during the night of sickness and pain, the beams of his cheering and unfailing love.

"What though downy slumbers flee,
Strangers to my couch and me?
Sleepless, well I know to rest,
Lodged within my Father's breast.

From on high doth he impart
Secret comfort to my heart;
Blest alternative to me,
Thus to sleep or wake with thee!"

DECAY AND RENEWAL.

"Though our outward man perish, yet the inward man is renewed day by day." 2 Cor. iv. 16.

What a testimony is this to the greatness of the spiritual, and its triumph over the material! Perishing, and yet increasing in vitality! "As dying, and behold we live." This surely is the miracle of faith, and yet the simplicity of truth; for it is the spiritual that has given most real life to the material, and now that the material decays, makes itself so gloriously triumphant. Talk of the decay of the spirit with the decay of the body? It is not thus Christian faith

reasons. That will find life and strength amid all consumptions and dissolutions. And why? The apostle has the reason: — "While we look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen: for the things which are seen are temporal; but the things which are not seen are eternal." It is from looking so exclusively at the temporal, that the spiritual dies without us. The more we rightly contemplate the eternal, the more shall we partake of its spirit, and the more enduring will be our life. Let us have the mind like Paul, and every indication of bodily decay and death would be to us but a new evidence of spiritual release, renewal and redemption.

RECOVERY FROM SICKNESS.

"This sickness is not unto death." John xi. 4.

And what if it shall be to life again? Let that life be a new consecration to its Author, a new waiting in readiness for death, come when or how it may. If He who hath wounded hath also healed, it is that the healed one may be a helper to other stricken children of the Father — a livelier witness of the loving-kindness of Heaven. To enduring Christian faith shall any sickness be unto death? Shall it not all make increase of a Divine Life?

Let us understand, then, that the sick-room has its advantages and blessings. "When, at last," says another, "we arise with exhausted strength from the sick bed, our souls often awake as out of a long night into a new morning. So many things, during the illness of the body, conspire to soften the feelings: the still room; the mild twilight through the window curtains; the low voices; and then, more than all,

the kind words of those who surround us, their attention, their solicitude, perhaps a tear in their eyes; — all this does us good; and when the wise Solomon enumerated all the good things which have their time upon the earth, he forgot to celebrate sickness among the rest."

THE INFANT DEAD.

What emotions spring up in the mind as it is called to contemplate the death of the dearly loved and early departed; as it looks abroad upon the numerous burial places of these little ones of the Lord; as it looks within, and realizes the absence of a companionship which must surely now be known in other spheres of being, in other homes of the soul!

Beautiful buds of promise, so suddenly broken from off the parent stem! Shall there not be a renewal of their life and fragrance in a fairer clime? Verily, there shall. These objects of affection, which Jesus took into his arms and blest, are objects of hope, also. There are reasons for thanksgiving as well as for sorrow, when these infantile blessings are called away from our hands, though not from our affections. They have left the afflictions and doubtful strifes and sins of earth; have left them early, too. The poet says of the dead infant,

"God took thee in his mercy,
A lamb untasked, untried;
He fought the fight for thee,
He won the victory,
And thou art sanctified."

It is a just representation that the child of tender years, whom death calls, is "taken away from the evil to come;" that is, as human experience reasons. No mortal life is free from this conflict with evil. And in the conflict how many are overcome in spirit, and destroyed! The departed little ones shall suffer no such defeats in their onward course.

They are still cared for. If they had guardians in the present brief life, so have they guardians now. If they were here cared for and tenderly nursed, so shall they be in that home where the guardianship of souls is perpetual, and never interrupted by mortal weariness, or separation, or death. The vigils of paternal anxiety here kept for them, were but as the mote to the globe in comparison with that wakeful, watchful love that shall go with them evermore. Parents might forget their tenderest offspring; so said the word of heavenly truth; even the mother the child of her bosom. Not so the Father of spirits, the provident and unchanging God of all.* God cares for them, and will not leave nor forsake them.

They are still ours. If God graciously loaned them into our hands, it was that we might be identified with them forever. If we held them for him, he now holds them for us. So we are to think of them as treasures safely invested, more so than any treasure subject to earthly keeping. The parent cannot separate himself in soul from that absent one. The bereaved mother will still strain it to her beating bosom. The departed cannot be forgotten by her; she cannot make herself believe, when she sends it away to the grave, that there ends her communion with that child of her heart. "One who had suffered

* Read Isa. xlix. 15.

this dreadful calamity, and just at that period in the life of the infant when in general it is endeared to the parents, used to relate that for a long period she saw her child once more almost every night. Sometimes the endearing vision was presented to her in one way, and sometimes in another; but on all occasions the infant appeared to be alive. In one particular instance she was led to see the grave in a lonely church-yard. It was one of many little mounds which filled the place, and beside which stood many other mothers, in the same situation with herself. Presently the graves were all opened, and the children came forth to play. She and the other mothers surveyed the scene with pleasure inexpressible; but yet, in all their sports, the infants did not appear to be naturally alive, nor did the mothers seem to understand that life was there, or that they had regained their lost treasures. It was only a pageant, vouchsafed to satisfy so far the yearnings of affection; the scene was still a church-yard, and in the same place they knew it would end. Accordingly, when the proper time had come, each mother took her child, wrapped it tenderly in its sepulchral attire, and with her own hands replaced it in the grave; after which they all slowly and mournfully withdrew. The dreamer then awoke, as she usually did after such visions, in tears."

How true to the living and yearning affections of a mother is this relation! And has not Heaven an adequate answer to these affections? As the Lord is true, it has. And such a conviction may lead the bereaved and sorrowing mother to say of that infant now in death's embrace, as did the Shunamite woman to the prophet, "It is well with the child! it is well!" The presence of the dead shall be not

only "a pageant, vouchsafed to satisfy so far the yearnings of affection,"—it shall be a divine reality, now, and henceforth! Christian faith will look beyond that state where the loved one if taken in dreams from the grave must be replaced there again, to that higher realm where no graves are seen, no parting, or weeping, or death can come.

Thanks to Heaven for the beautiful memories of the infant dead. These early lost of our families always keep their places in memory as infants and children. Our associations connected with them are those of young and innocent being. We are chastened and subdued when such memories rightly hold us. They aid us in spiritualizing the hard realities of all maturer earthly life, so that we may be attracted toward that perfection where the innocence of infancy dwells with the vastest experience and mightiest intellectual grasp of the angelic and divine.

If earthly infancy is called for to add to the heavenly life, let it be yielded up in faith; faith such as we find expressed in this outpouring of the parent's heart, when his last child was taken from him.

"Farewell, my young blossom!
The fairest, the fleetest;
The pride of my bosom,
The last and the sweetest.
On thee my heart centred
All hopes earth could cherish;
The spoiler hath entered,
And thou too must perish!

I see thy bloom wasting,
And cannot restore it;
The end now is hasting,
'T is vain to deplore it.

Could prayers detain thee,
  As pale thou art lying,
I would not enchain thee
  To live ever dying:

To linger — to languish —
  That life may be sorrow!
Through the night pain and anguish,
  No rest on the morrow!
Oh! soon may deep slumber
  In mercy steal o'er thee!
Earth can but encumber,
  And heaven is before thee.

Oh loveliest! oh dearest!
  When anguish oppressed thee,
My arm still was nearest,
  My prayer still hath blessed thee;
But now all is ended!
  How welcome that sighing!
My prayer has ascended!
  'T is heard — she is dying!

My God! I adore thee!
  Receive the freed spirit
In gladness before thee,
  A crown to inherit.
Take the gem that thou gavest,
  Take the flower thou dost sever;
Take the soul that thou savest —
  It is THINE and forever!"

"IT IS WELL."

WHEN the prophet Elisha saw the Shunamite woman, who had just lost her son by death, coming to consult him, he sent his servant to meet her, and to

ask her, "Is it well with thee? is it well with thy husband? is it well with the child? And she answered, It is well."* This is faith's conclusion when death comes. It is well that men live; for this is God's ordination. It is well that they are afflicted, for this is to try them. It is well that they die, for God hath more to do with them than what is witnessed here by mortals. It shall be well with them beyond death; because they cannot there be out of the reach of the Father's hand. The blessed revelation of Christian truth assures us always that it is well with the dead. It comes to "deliver them who, through fear of death, were all their lifetime subject to bondage."

THE PLACE TO DIE.

MANY have spoken and written respecting the time to die. Many more would be anxious as to the place. And of all the places no one seems more befitting the last mortal change than that of home. To die far away from the blessed offices of kindred affection such as home can bestow, is one of the severest trials of the soul. That was a beautiful form of blessing among the orientals, "May you die among your kindred!"

But, wherever death shall come, the assurances of Christian truth can sanctify the place, and make it a portal of heaven. Said a minister of Christianity, as he sat with his companion upon the wreck threatened every moment to be swallowed up by the waves, "Faith in Christ can make death easy, even amid

* 2 Kings iv. 25, 26.

the perils of the sea." Surely; for that faith can say to the Father, "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me." A sense of this sustaining presence can make any place sanctified for life or for death.

OLD AGE AND DEATH.

"Old age, for the Christian thy rosy evening changes so insensibly into dawn, that there is scarce a night between."
THOLUCK.

To the young death *may*, to the aged it *must* come. And who shall be better prepared for it than age? Through a long life of years, what, O mortal, hath God done for thee? How hath he preserved thy life, saved thy soul many a time from death, healed thy sicknesses, and caused thy youth to be renewed as the eagle's! What a succession of merciful providences dost thou see in surveying the past of thine earthly experience!

The sands of thy life are running low. Let this fact instruct as well as admonish thee; let it bring thee to devout contemplation on the great design and end of thy being. Though thou hast grown old, and changed, the earth is still fresh and full of young life. It wears not away. Troops of new and youthful mortals throng these paths of earthly being, as thou art about leaving them. This is well. Thou hast had thy day here; let them have theirs.

Is it not merciful, as thou feelest the weight of years and infirmity, that death is the privilege of the

aged and weary, — a privilege, and not a doom? Is not this the noblest thought concerning death? — the privilege of leaving, when the time comes, one abode for another, that place may be given to the new earthly generation, while a new heavenly is awaiting the worn-out pilgrim here?

I have been reading with deep interest of a venerable centenarian whose old age was made bright and glorious by his strong faith in the Father of all. As life waned, this faith strengthened within him. He could look back one century, and realize that in that time the gracious God of all had never left nor forsaken him, — could read his mercies through the long line of years up to the present hour, and see that all these years had revealed no change to him in the character of the great Creator and Disposer. This aged one was now awaiting, in trust and peace, the time of his departure. He was ready to test in that new state, where time is not measured by centuries, that paternal goodness which, through these many changing earthly years, had come to him.

"The hoary head is a crown of glory, if found in the way of righteousness." Old age is a "joy unspeakable" if Christ's presence gives it sustaining light and strength. To such a one, the language of Tholuck again will apply. "I will set my house in order; the task will not be difficult. The best of my property I take along with me. I lay aside every weight, and am ready for the journey. When the traveller has paid his debts in the city of a foreign land, how does he exult to pass the gate as he bends his steps homeward! Sweet, O death! is the thought of thee to the man who could never find a satisfying portion here below, but who, even amidst this fleeting life, still lived and leaned upon the promises of that

which is everlasting! I do not quail before thy scythe; it can cut off nothing which I am not willing to leave behind, that the wings of my spirit may bear me unincumbered away."

BURIAL-PLACES OF THE DEAD.

Our burial-places should be consecrated grounds. And one proof that they are so, should be the external attractions thrown around them. If we go to the graves of those we loved, to be inspired with pleasing remembrances and hallowed associations, we naturally desire that there be no hindrance to the sympathetic flow of the soul. We would have everything connected with the burial-place pleasant and attractive. But the bleak, ill-situated grave-yard is not so; the neglected walls or gateways are not so; nor are the ghastly grave-stones with death's grim heads and other revolting emblems engraven thereon; nor is the ground where not even a simple tree is seen to shade the visiting pilgrim, or to murmur its breezy requiem over sleeping mortality. These are not pleasant, but repulsive. The mind contemplates them with disagreeable sensations, and goes away from the silent habitations, not with quiet and pleasant thoughts of the sepulchre, but with cheerless views, — with dark thoughts and unwelcome anticipations, doubtless thinking, if not saying, "Why should the grave-yard be so gloomy?"

Indeed, why should the grave-yard be gloomy at all? Why should it ever seem to be a place indicating that the dead are not remembered but forgotten? It has not been thus with many nations and people

of the past. The ancient Greeks ornamented their cemeteries with tombs and trees and flowers, and made frequent visits to them. However exposed these burial-places might have been, they were held sacred by all. The Greek public festival, *Nemesia*, was in honor of the dead. The Romans had, also, great respect for their burial-places. The Emperor Constantine was the first who introduced the custom of interring in churches and temples, which practice was afterwards abolished, from regard to the health of the living.

The trees most usually planted and reared in burial-places by eastern and European nations, have been the elm, the cypress, the arbor vitæ, and the yew. The latter has been mostly known in England as the church-yard tree. Gray, in his "Elegy," refers to it:

> "Beneath those rugged elms, the yew trees' shade,
> Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap."

It has been suggested, that as the yew tree does not grow in this country, and cannot easily be made a grave-yard ornament, the silver fir might be made to take its place. We have other trees, also, which may be well used as embellishments in our cemeteries.

It is a very pleasing reflection, that this subject of rendering our burial-places attractive has awakened such an operative influence in the public mind of the present day; that it seems more generally than ever, now, an object to make the grave and tomb less repulsive and more cheering; to render them the agreeable and profitably impressive resorts of respectful affection or bereaved love, — so that, while the dead are mourned, the living may be reminded, by appropriate mementos and embellishments around the

sleeping places of the departed, that we shall not all sleep, but be changed; that this corruption shall put on incorruption, this mortal immortality, and death be swallowed up in victory.

A Christian burial-place ought, if practicable, to be a place of trees — a rich grove — a shaded retreat. It should be, too, a place of flowers, — yes, a place of those

" Day-stars that ope their eyes with man to twinkle
From rainbow galaxies of earth's creation,
And dew-drops on her lonely altar sprinkle,
As a libation.

Those matin worshippers — who, bending lowly
Before the uprisen sun, God's lidless eye —
Throw from their chalices a sweet and holy
Incense on high ! "

Of all appropriate flowers for the grave-yard and the tomb, no one seems more so than the rose. It was long since thus sung by Anacreon: —

" The rose distils a healing balm,
The beating pulse of pain to calm;
Preserves the cold inurned clay,
And mocks the vestige of decay:
And when, at length, in pale decline,
Its florid beauties fade and pine,
Sweet, as in youth, its balmy breath
Diffuses odor e'en in death ! "

In our own time this lovely flower is cultivated over many a grave, in other lands as well as in our own. Yet it need not exclude other flowers. Let our graves and tombs be overlaid with flowers; and let these flowers be watched and nurtured by the hand

of surviving friendship and love. I have in my own memory a beautiful flower-bed of this description over the resting-places of three dear infant sleepers. The affectionate mother's hand sees that the flowers are not neglected. I have thought, with unspeakable emotions, on the conduct of a Christian father on the burial of his companion — the mother of a large family of interesting children. A number of them were as yet young. The father directed that no monument should be erected over the mother's grave, but that the young children should plant flowers there, and rear them with scrupulous care; thus mingling their ideas of departed affection with the beautiful, rich and lovely of nature.

A traveller assures us that after a desperate struggle between the French armies and the Tyrolese peasantry, when the former were defeated in their murderous attempts to penetrate the mountain fastnesses of the South of Austria, not one of the Tyrolese who fell was buried on the field, but, after the strife of death was over, was borne by his friends to his native village; in the church-yard of which, the little green mounds, planted with flowers and freed from weeds by the pious care of survivors, still show the number of those that perished in that conflict for liberty. These are but instances out of numberless ones in the different ages of the world, where a similar custom has prevailed.

Says Phillips, speaking of the celebrated cemetery of *Pere la Chaise:* "It is impossible to visit this vast sanctuary of the dead, where the rose and the cypress encircle each tomb, or the arbor vitæ and eglantine shade the marble obelisk, without feeling a solemn, yet sweet and soothing, emotion steal over the senses as we wander over the variegated scene of hill

and dale, columns and temples interspersed with luxuriant flowering shrubs and fragrant herbs, that seem to defy the most profane hand to pluck them. We ascended," he continues, "the height, where our attention was attracted with the most odorous white flowers, such as the orange blossoms, jessamine, myrtle and white rose. At each corner stood white porcelain vases, filled with similar flowers, all of pure white; the whole was covered with a fence of wire-work, and the monument was without a name, and had only this simple and pathetic inscription:

'Fille cherie — avec toi mes deaux jours sont passés.'

We were told that the afflicted parent still continued to indulge in the sad duty of replenishing the grave with fresh flowers at the earliest opening of the gates of this *melancholy garden of graves*."

However individual tastes may differ in relation to the embellishments already named, there exists a commendable agreement of opinion in regard to beautifying and adorning our public burial-places. Why do so many thousands annually visit Mount Auburn? Because of its attractions; the same reason that other places of like character are frequented by all ages and classes of our community. Attraction will give interest to any place. The more truly picturesque or lovely the spot is made, the holier do the associations become. Our best poet has embodied the very idea in one expressive verse — speaking of his own choice of a pleasant grave for himself:

"I know, I know, I should not see
The season's glorious show;
Nor would its brightness shine for me —
Nor its wild music flow;

But if around my place of sleep,
The friends I love would come and weep,
They might not haste to go.
Soft airs, and song, and light, and bloom,
Should keep them lingering by my tomb."

And then, as Christianity spreads its beaming and life-giving rays abroad, cheerless thoughts of the grave should be dispelled. Old and crude notions of the ghastly and the awful should be exchanged for sentiments more befitting believers in Him who is the Resurrection and the Life. We should not cherish the idea of corruption, but of incorruption. The darkness, mould, and decay of the grave, should be overspread with emblems of that which shall reign when its fearful ravages are known no more, — the blooming, the fresh, and unfading! If earth must be a sepulchre, let it also be a garden.

HAPPY DEATH SCENES.

"Lord, must we die? O let us die
Trusting in thee alone!
Our living testimony given,
Then leave our dying one!"

DAY after day are the living taking their departure from us, and joining that innumerable company now passed beyond the valley of the shadow of death. Many are the death scenes where no hope comes to give light through this valley. Many, also, are the instances where the passage through it is cheered with assurances of a glorious future. Such as these last named have we now to record. They are instances where UNIVERSALISM — that doctrine which represents God as the beneficent Parent of all souls — is seen to impart its cheering and sustaining power. They are not, of course, held forth with the intention of establishing by them the truth of a theology, but as instructive manifestations of the strength of that faith which sees, through earthly ill and dissolution, the hand of Divine Love, taking the sting from death, and giving the victory of Life Immortal to mankind. It is such a doctrine, in its heavenly fulness, which we would commend, through these illustrative facts, to the reader's contemplation. It is proper to say that, here, as in a

former volume, for obvious reasons, names, places and dates are given.

Our arrangement, in the presentation of these accounts, will be as follows: — First, instances indicative of firm trust and resignation. Second, of peculiar joy and peace in view of death. Third, instances where Universalism has been embraced in the time of sickness or in the near prospect of death. Fourth, accounts of the deaths of ministers.

TRUST AND RESIGNATION.

"WHOSO trusteth in the Lord," saith the Psalmist, "happy is he." And never is this trust more needed, than when death bids us take our departure from earthly friends, who here surround and sustain us, and go forth alone into realms hitherto untrodden by mortals, — alone with the great God of all.

Welcome and blessed, indeed, the summons of death, if the soul can rest in the conviction that the God into whose presence it enters alone, is the gracious Father and Friend,— that his hand shall lead, and his right hand guide us, and that no power can sever the bonds which connect us evermore with Him! Such were the convictions of the fellow-mortals whose death scenes are here recorded.

MISS NANCY THOMPSON, of Ray, Macomb county, Mich., only daughter of Mr. James Thompson, died August 11, 1841. Her minister writes of her last days: "For two years past her health had been precarious, and for the last six months her friends despaired of her recovery. By her virtues and

affable manners she had endeared herself to all who knew her. The gradual but certain approach of death had no terrors for her, because she had her treasures laid up in heaven, and her heart was there also. Her faith in the divine Redeemer was as an anchor to the soul both sure and steadfast. When the writer attempted, last year, to organize a church in Ray, she was one of the first to offer herself as a candidate, and to enter into solemn covenant in the church of God. She bore her protracted sickness with Christian patience, and looked forward to her dissolution with joy, in the hope of exchanging this world of sin and sorrow for a far better. And, for the satisfaction of those who say that Universalists change their religious sentiments upon a death-bed, I desire to remark, that, a few days before her death, she held a conversation with her physician on this subject, and desired him to bear witness that she died as she had lived, rejoicing in the faith of universal holiness and happiness. She remarked to him, and also to the writer, that she hoped people would not say of her, as they falsely said of her uncle, that she gave up her faith in universal salvation upon her death-bed, as incapable of giving consolation in the hour of dissolution. With as much calmness as any one would prepare for a social visit, she directed all the services of her funeral; and when her parents and brothers were mourning in prospect of the separation, she comforted them with the assurance that death did not terrify her, that the separation would be but short, when they would be all reünited in a world of holiness and peace, when parting would be known no more. She requested the writer to perform her funeral service, and preach from Ps. lxxxv. 10, and to sing at her grave a hymn which she selected,

which was done; and the services closed, at the request of her young friends and associates, by singing, at the grave, Mount Vernon."

Hon. James Tarbox, of Randolph, Vt., died September, 1841. Judge T. was one of the principal citizens of Vermont, was highly respected in the town where he resided, and was one of the most valuable and zealous members of the Universalist society there. He was early called into public life, and was truly a man of eminent intellectual and moral qualities. He knew much grief in his life's experience, having witnessed the departure, one after another, of a beloved companion, and all his numerous family of children. His own death took place during the funeral service of his last child. In an obituary notice of him by a minister, we read: "He was a Universalist, and has openly and zealously advocated that faith for more than forty years. He became a Universalist by hearing a limitarian preacher of some notoriety, by the name of Chapin, preach a sermon in proof of the doctrine of election and reprobation; which led him to search the Scriptures diligently and prayerfully, to see if they did not contain something better for mankind.

"When Rev. Joab Young was ordained, Judge Tarbox officiated in the service, by delivering the Scriptures, and giving the customary Charge, — there being at that early day not a sufficient number of clergymen of the Abrahamic faith in this section of the country to perform the different parts of the ordaining service. He has lived, however, to see the faith spread far beyond his expectations, and its public heralds multiply, until more than forty are now numbered within the limits of his own State. He has

found this faith not only a source of joy in life, but of comfort and support in death. The writer of this saw him but a short time before his death, when he was so far gone that he could only speak in a whisper; taking me by the hand, he said it was uncertain about his living to see me again, requested me to pray with him, and assured me of the steadfastness of his mind in that faith which had been so near his heart in life, and which comforted him in the prospect of death. Death to him was disarmed of its terrors; and he furnishes another instance in proof of this faith being not only good to live by, but good to die by."

Deacon Simon Ames, of Cambridgeport, Mass., died October 28, 1841, aged 51. He had resided for a long time at C., and had held the office of Deacon of the First Universalist Church there for ten years. He was one of the best of men, upright, peaceable, kind-hearted; and he justly gained the esteem and praise of all who knew him. His last illness was very debilitating, though gradually so, and often painful. Yet he endured it as a Christian. The editor of the "Trumpet," who knew him well, writes of him after his decease: "In the midst of his greatest distresses he would not murmur. He attended divine worship, and was never absent from his seat, if in health. When he became so sick he could not remain in the house through the whole service, he would take a seat near the door, that he might retire, when obliged to do so, without disturbing the congregation. Even when it was not prudent for him to go into the meeting at all, he used to seat himself in the entry and listen; and this he did as long as he was able to go to the house, so reluctant was he to aban-

don his long habit of worshipping God in his sanctuary. When he became unable to leave his dwelling, he was affected on Sundays more than on any other day in the week; it was painful to him to be kept away from his meeting; 'O that I could go as I have been accustomed to do!' was his prayer.

"He was obliged to take his chamber about three weeks previous to his decease. He seemed to be fully aware of his situation; and although he was willing to make trial of the various remedies that were proposed, it was with faint hopes that they would give him relief. His intercourse with his family was tender and affecting in the extreme. He gave to each his dying exhortation. On the Sunday before his death, his brother, from the town of Dracut, came to see him. He embraced the opportunity to reäffirm his religious convictions; he assured him that he was not afraid to die; that he believed he should go to a better world; and that all was peace within. On the Monday before his death, the writer had an interview with him. He was very, very sick, but his mind was bright, and his soul was calm. He trusted in God, believing that what He ordained is for the best. That was his prevailing sentiment. He commended himself, his wife, his children, all to God, and laid himself down to die with the fullest confidence that *all was right*. He begged his friends not to weep for him, for he said he was going to a better world. On Wednesday, 27th, it was evident that he was sinking fast. We saw him in the afternoon; death was evidently approaching. His confidence did not for a moment forsake him. In his deepest pains, not a word of distrust or fear escaped his lips; not a hint was given that the doctrine he had lived by would not do to die by. Whenever he mentioned it, he said

his faith was just what it had been for years. At the time his speech began to fail him, he was asked if he had anything to add to what he had already said, and he said that he had 'nothing.' He lingered through the night in a stupor, and died calmly at eleven o'clock of the next day."

MR. GAD GAYLORD, of Hamilton, N. Y., died December 30, 1841, aged 29. He held the truth of the Gospel in high esteem, and honored it in an upright character. He was earnest in his support of public worship, and was the leader of the choir at his church. It is recorded of him that "he bore his sickness with fortitude and Christian resignation; a portion of which time he was mentally deranged. And when it was seen that he was evidently failing, the question was asked him if he knew he was dying; to which he replied that he did. And on being further inquired of, whether he had any fears of death, he promptly answered in the negative; though, for the sake of his dependent family, he could desire to live longer; but, if it was the will of God that he should die, he was ready and willing to go.

"To a brother of limited faith, who was present, and who had freely conversed with him on the strength of his faith, and his hope of future happiness, he composedly said, that, during his sickness of ten or twelve days, he had seen no reason why he should change his views. Soon after, with a parting kiss, he took an affectionate leave of his wife and little boy, and with a few broken remarks of exhortation to his pastor, to be faithful in the cause in which he had engaged, expired. He died as he had lived, firm in the faith of the 'restitution of all things.'"

Miss Mary Ann Murray, daughter of Mr. Alexander Murray, of Boonville, N. Y., died August 27, 1842, in the 24th year of her age. A minister and friend who knew her, states that "She early became a believer in the doctrine of a world's salvation, and her belief was founded on a well-grounded hope; she did not believe because others did, but searched the Scriptures; and, after having become fully convinced that the Saviour gave himself a ransom for the whole world, and that all would eventually be saved, it not only became a duty but a pleasure to her to obey the precepts of the Gospel. As the eldest child of a bereaved family, she faithfully discharged the duties devolving upon her; and by her labors of love, alleviated the cares of her only surviving parent. She bore her protracted illness (pulmonary consumption) with calmness and resignation; not a murmur escaped her lips; she several times expressed a wish to recover, for her mother's sake, but resigned herself into the hands of her heavenly Father. At the closing scene, when aware that her departure was at hand, she gave her parting admonition with perfect composure, entreating her mother to be reconciled to the dispensation of an all-wise Providence, and not mourn for her. And to her young brothers, she spoke with all the endearing tenderness of an affectionate sister, urging them to be kind and dutiful to their afflicted mother, and telling them that though she died in the firm belief of the salvation of the whole world, yet she wished them not to believe because she did, but to search the Scriptures, and see for themselves. After this she said but little, though she frequently exclaimed, 'O how happy! surely this is the happiest day of my life!' and, in this calm and tranquil state, breathed away her gentle spirit on the

bosom of her Saviour. Her funeral was attended by the Rev. Dr. Hunter, of the Presbyterian Church, who preached a very appropriate and consoling discourse."

MRS. CATHARINE SMITH, of South Reading, Mass., died in Boston, July 13, 1845, aged 87. Her life was an excellent exemplification of the religion of Jesus. In the early part of it she united herself with the Congregationalist Church of South Reading, and afterward, on her change of views, she became a member of the First Universalist Church in Boston. A minister who knew her well, has written of her: "She loved religion, — loved its institutions, its profession and practice: she was a positive, spiritual Christian. She had strong trust in Providence. When others were expressing doubts, she was full of hope. When they were in darkness, she walked in light, — walked with God in spirit, — lived in heaven while on earth. And a true reason for this unfailing trust in God, was this. She was often in secret prayer. Morning and evening found her constant in her devotions. This is undoubtedly the secret of her trust, — her happy spirit, — the heaven in which she seemed always to live. She did much to feed and nourish her faith; and it did much in making her life peaceful and gladsome, and its close so triumphant; for she died as she had lived, leaning on the bosom of the Saviour.

"She died in Boston, while on a visit with her friends there. She said to a niece, just leaving her for South Reading, 'Give my love to my brother and all my friends there, and tell them, though we may never meet again on earth, yet we *shall* meet again in another and a brighter world. I *know we shall*

meet again.' This she said three times, with great earnestness, adding, 'and I die *happy.*'"

MRS. SALLY MARIA BIGELOW, of Wilmington, Vt., died September 4, 1845, aged 34. "Though she suffered much," says one who records her death, "yet she bore it with unearthly patience, and was supported in mind by the bright hope of immortal life, which robbed death of its sting, and the grave of its victory. As she drew near her end, heaven seemed nearer and lovelier. 'The prospect,' said she, 'looks brighter in death than in life.' Cherishing a lively faith in a reünion of all people in the mansions of bliss, where the withering word 'farewell' is never uttered, she was ready to let go her hold on earth, and resign her spirit to the care of Him who gave it. 'Oh,' said she, 'I should be distracted did I not expect to meet my dear husband, and my parents, and my brothers and sisters, in heaven.' I understand that she entreated some of her watchers, who were not believers in the great restitution, to search for this pearl of great price, — to examine the Bible carefully and prayerfully. But to record the many evidences which she gave of possessing a happy soul, and of dying triumphantly through Christ, would make a long communication. She literally fulfilled the words of Jesus: 'He that liveth and believeth in me shall never die.' She did not die — *she went home.*"

MRS. ANN DYER, wife of Capt. Harris Dyer, of Addison, Me., died November 6, 1845, aged 33. "She was for many years," says her minister, "a member of the Baptist church in Addison. About four years ago, however, her faith was so enlarged,

that she became a believer in Universal Salvation. She had for several years suffered with a painful disorder, which oftentimes prostrated her physical strength; but since I have known her, the serene patience and fortitude she has exhibited, have been wonderful. Several times has she observed to me, 'When I believed in endless misery, the distress of my mind in my sickness was worse to bear than the pain of my body; but now my mind bears my body up.' She was a competent judge of the operation of both doctrines, for she had experienced the influence of each in hours of pain and extreme trial. Often, when I have visited her, has the sustained loftiness with which her spirit has triumphed over pain and the wearing tedium of her sickness, sent me away with new faith and courage. Her last words were to her mother: 'Do not mourn for me — rather rejoice. I am going home to my Saviour, who is the Saviour of the whole world;' adding, 'Do not disbelieve the salvation of all; as my strength fails, my faith increases.' Pausing a moment, she said, 'O what a beauty do I see in my Saviour!' then repeating the verse, 'Jesus, my all, to heaven is gone,' &c., she departed."

Mr. Theodore F. Albertson, of Norwich, Ct., died March 27, 1846, aged 37. We here present the interesting obituary of this person, issued soon after his death, by his pastor.

"His earliest religious instruction was received under the influence of the Baptist worship. His parents were both members of that communion, and his father died in that faith. The deceased, however, never made any profession of religion, nor manifested any special interest in the subject, till the age of 23.

About this time in his life he became deeply interested in the faith of the Restitution, and continued, up to the period of his decease, a faithful and exemplary believer. He united with the Universalist church in Norwich, at its organization in 1838; was chosen a deacon at that time, and officiated in that capacity for several years.

"His mother and several of his brothers eventually embraced the same views of religion. It is a fact, somewhat unusual, that of all the numerous circle of nearer relatives who were gathered at his funeral, there was not one who did not sympathize with the theological sentiments of their departed friend. And to these may be added many of the remoter relatives. In speaking of this circumstance, on the morning of his death, a friend of his remarked that this was attributable, under Providence, mainly to his personal influence. And the thought occurred to the writer that this effectual influence was attributable to the integrity and purity of that *life* by which he exemplified the power and value of the faith he labored to disseminate.

"He had left a wife and seven children, the eldest but sixteen. These were strong ties to bind him to the world. He felt these ties, and clung to the hope of recovery as long as possible, — longer, perhaps, than was warranted by his prospects. But finding his strength fast failing, he pressed his friends to know their real sentiments in regard to the result; and on learning that they entertained no hopes of his recovery, he relinquished that hope. This was on Monday morning, the 16th, eleven days previous to his death. The effect of this decision was quite agitating for the time, and so wrought upon his feelings that he thought himself dying. The writer

of this was called in and prayed with him, and a few hours after he became composed and comfortable.

"On Wednesday, the 18th, I visited him again. On asking him how he felt in mind, he answered, 'Very calm. I feel that I have an arm to lean upon.'

"On Friday, the 20th, I visited him again, and he conversed with much freedom on the subject of a future state. He seemed especially interested on the point of our future identity, and recognition of friends. His impressions were that we shall retain this identity and recognition for a season, for the gratification of that ardent desire of the bereaved and dying to meet and recognize our kindred; but that eventually, in our upward progress, all distinction and preference will be lost in universality of feeling, and God be 'all in all.'

"During the night of the 24th, the last but two that he spent on earth, it was my privilege to be with him. Towards morning he was seized with violent spasmodic pains. About seven o'clock, he was supposed by his physician and himself to be dying. As I walked up to his bed-side, he said, 'I am going, Br. Browne.'

"'And are you willing to go?' was the inquiry.

"'Yes, perfectly; I have been long prepared.'

"'You will go to a happier world, though we shall miss and mourn you. Trust in the living God, who is the Saviour of all men.'

"'I do,' he answered.

"'Lean upon the arm of Jesus,' I repeated.

"'He is my only hope,' was the response. We then joined in prayer around his bed.

"A little while after, as I stood by his bed, watching his labored respiration, I repeated, from the

twenty-third Psalm, 'The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; he leadeth me beside the still waters. * * Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death I will fear no evil; for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.'

"'Can you realize this, Brother Albertson?' I inquired; to which he responded in the affirmative.

"Subsequently, as I am informed, his physician, Dr. Lyman, asked him if he felt resigned. To which he answered, 'Very much so.'

"About half-past nine o'clock, his strength seemed in a measure to revive. I mentioned this circumstance; to which he replied, 'Yes, I have some strength and great pain of *body*. But I hope soon to drop it off, and my friends will lay it away.' He had previously expressed his wishes in regard to the arrangement of his funeral. I said to him, the day but one before he died: 'After you are gone, your friends will be asked, by those who are unacquainted with you, and with that faith which sustains you, whether you died in the faith in which you had lived.' His countenance lighted up and beamed with emotion, as he replied aloud, in a firm voice, so as to be heard by all in the room,—'Tell them *yes;* and that it increased as my end approached. Tell them it was stronger in death than it was in life.'

"A short time after, his physician, Dr. Lyman, (a member of the Presbyterian Church,) came into the room; and he said to him, 'Doctor, when I am gone, you will undoubtedly be asked by your friends whether I died in the full exercise of that faith I have always professed. I want you to tell them that it increased as my end approached. I want you to tell them plainly and without any equivocation.' This was

uttered in a strong voice, but with much effort, in consequence of pain. His physician assured him that his request should be complied with, and he seemed relieved and satisfied. During all this time his mind was clear; and this continued, with but little interruption, up to the period of his death."

Mr. Ichabod Bosworth, of Taunton, Mass., died March 4, 1847. He was a faithful and exemplary member of the Universalist Society in T. He was sick seven years; and during the last year of his life was unable to attend church. His pastor says, "He was a great sufferer — greater than I have ever before known. But in all his sufferings, the principles of his faith never for a moment forsook him. For five months past, I have made a practice of calling to see him daily, when not out of town; and in all this time I never heard a murmuring word fall from his lips; on the contrary, he would exclaim, even when racked with pain, 'How excellent is thy loving kindness, O God; therefore shall the children of men put their trust under the shadow of thy wings.'—'The Lord is good — good unto all, and his tender mercies are over all the works of his hands.' — 'He shall gather the lambs in his arms, and carry them in his bosom,' &c. &c. It is pleasing to behold the confidence inspired in a merciful Providence, even by the chastening of the Lord, when the possessor entertains that faith that works by love, purifies the heart, and overcomes the world. However great his sufferings, he submitted to them without a complaining word, and was ready even 'to kiss the hand that dealt the blow.'

"The hope of Br. B. in the great doctrine of life and immortality, was 'sure and steadfast,' especially in the closing days of his earthly existence. He

spake repeatedly of going home; for he believed that heaven was the spirit's eternal abiding place, where we shall meet and know those who have gone before us, and be forever at peace and rest. During the closing hours of his life, his soul seemed to be fixed upon that heavenly habitation, and he longed to depart and be with Jesus. Oh! the sustaining influence of a true hope in Christ!"

Mrs. Maria Glazier, of Hartford, Ct., died May 2, 1847. In the funeral address by her pastor, we find the following account of her last hours. "Her faith sustained her triumphantly through all her sufferings. There was something almost supernatural in her character, which her views of heaven gave to her feelings—so serene and cheerful amid that bodily agony. It is never our custom to deal in eulogy on occasions like the present; but there are a few things in the case of our departed friend which it may be instructive briefly to state. Mrs. Glazier has passed away from her earthly joys and sorrows just in the meridian of life, at the age of 35. But she did not pass away till she had been a great sufferer,—having been confined to the house, and almost to the bed, during the long period of four years, and all the while under the exercise of severe pain, which was sometimes literally increased to agony. During the last year of her illness she was closely confined to the bed. But through all she was calm and patient; and as she drew near to the closing scene which was to remove her into the presence of God, she only trusted and loved him the more. Death, she said, had no terrors; for to die was to go home. She spoke to her friends cheerfully about leaving them, telling them, in a tone of singular confidence, that they should all

meet again in the better world. She whose situation seemed most to need comfort, had words of comfort for all. It was a trial to leave her child; but she knew the mother and the child would meet again in a little season. The last time I was with her, she expected to live but a few hours, at the longest; but she was calm, and spoke sweetly of the blessed land to which she was going, calling it her home — the home of all. She said to me, 'Tell them I die happy — that I am more than ready to go — that I rejoice in the prospect of my deliverance from this world of sorrow.' When asked if she had any request to make, she said, 'None, only tell them we shall meet again where there are no tears — no sorrow — no death. God be praised!' In this frame of mind she continued until the last moment, when, without a struggle, she sunk into the peaceful sleep of death."

ELIJAH DALLETT, Esq., of Philadelphia, Pa., died June 24, 1847, aged 70. He was one of the most highly respected citizens of the place, and an Englishman by birth. He came to this country in 1805, and was for about forty years one of the most faithful and devoted members of the First Universalist Society in Philadelphia. But a few weeks previous to his death, he made arrangements for a visit to his native country, and fixed upon the time for his departure. But uncertain are all human calculations! He was called to another journey, from which there is no return. "Death came to our aged father in Israel," says his minister, to whom he was greatly endeared, "divested of everything like terror. He was willing to live, but he feared not to die. The history of his life, and the condition of his mind when death approached, were expressed by himself in a

word but a few days before his departure. He seemed deeply impressed with the belief, from the beginning of his last sickness, that he should never recover. Still he was calm and collected, peaceful and happy. And but a few days before his decease, as I stood at his bed-side, he said to me, in a distinct voice, and with a countenance indicating the utmost composure and resignation, 'Well, I have had a long and happy life, and now I have no fears of death!' Happy man! the faith which he devoutly cherished in a good and honest heart, through his long and well-spent life, was the treasure of his soul and the crown of his rejoicing when flesh and heart were failing in death. He always spoke of the future life with the most undoubting confidence; for his mind had diligently inquired, and he became thoroughly rooted and grounded in the faith that was once delivered to the saints. Often has he said that he was *sure* that beyond death he should be happy in heaven. He felt indeed as did St. Paul, when that rejoicing apostle said, 'For we *know* that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.' The last expression of the dying man's countenance was in beautiful harmony with the holy quiet of his soul while consciousness lasted. Such was the nature of his disease, that he seemed quite insensible for many hours before his death; but just as he was breathing his last mortal breath, his eyes opened with unwonted brilliancy, a distinct and cheerful smile appeared upon his lips, and he quietly passed away like an infant falling into a peaceful sleep."

Miss Anna Elizabeth Perry, daughter of Mr. George M. Perry, of New York city, died April 17,

1848. She was a lady of superior intellectual attainments, and of great excellency of character. The testimony of her pastor concerning her is, in substance, as follows. "She was fond of reading, and especially fond of reading the Bible. She had an enlightened confidence in the love and mercy of God, bore her sickness with exemplary patience, and died in the hope of the final happiness of the world.

"In a conversation with her father respecting the separation of friends, in reply to his remark that they would not long be separated, she said, 'It was best that she should go first, for she could not endure being left alone, when her dear friends were all departed.' Being more unwell a few days previous to her decease, she said, 'I am dying — my sufferings will soon end.' At another time, when her physician was present, she said, 'My disease will soon end my afflictions, and then I shall be happy.' Her physician inquired in whom she put her trust; to which she answered, 'In my heavenly Father.' 'Then,' said he, 'you do not trust in your own works?' To which she calmly and emphatically replied, '*No!*' To her father, the day before she died, while conversing upon death, and the hope of a future life, she said, 'You know, father, that I am reconciled.' When dying, she was asked if she knew a friend who came into the room. Her answer was, 'Yes, I know you all.' Seeing her mother bathed in tears, she said, 'Mother, do not weep, I am perfectly happy.' She called her sister, father, mother, brother, and several other friends, to her bed-side, and gave each a farewell kiss, in the most affectionate manner. This she did only a few minutes before she breathed her last. Her last words were uttered with hands raised and clasped as if in prayer. Her voice was so faint

that what she said was not well understood. Her very last words, however, were heard, and how appropriate, how comforting to her friends! 'Farewell, farewell — I am happy.' Her remains were taken to Dover, Dutchess County, the place of her birth, and a funeral service was held in the Baptist church."

Ira Curtis, Esq., of Auburn, N. Y., died April 24, 1848, aged 53. He was one of the most distinguished believers in the doctrine of Universalism in the State, and was a pillar in the church to which he belonged. His pastor writes of him: —

"In the death of Br. Curtis, our denomination and our cause have been deprived of one of their most devoted, faithful and useful friends in Central New York, and indeed in the State. All who are acquainted with him, are aware that, for several years past, he has devoted much, if not most, of his time in efforts to build up the doctrine of the world's salvation. By the most worthy example of a moral and religious life, by word of mouth, by the circulation of books, pamphlets, tracts, and a great variety of periodicals, he has been instrumental in scattering the seeds of truth broad-cast wherever he has been. Did he go on a journey, or even pass through the streets, on his ordinary business, he was never without tracts or papers, or some publication, to put into the hands of those who were strangers to our doctrines; and he generally succeeded in obtaining a promise that whatever he gave should be faithfully read and pondered. How much good one man can accomplish, even though feeble in health, when fired with the zeal and devotedness of our departed brother! Heaven

grant that his mantle may fall on the shoulders of some one worthy to bear it!

* * * * *

"The history of the religious experience of the deceased is of a somewhat peculiar nature, and would be exceedingly interesting, were it proper to go into a detail on this occasion. I can only advert to a single circumstance, some portions of which have come to light, even since his death. He was brought up, in the earlier part of his life, in the belief, and under the influence, of the prevalent doctrines of the day. Possessing a reading and investigating turn of mind, religion and the Bible received much of his attention. Believing the religious doctrines in which he had been educated, to be taught in the Bible, he soon began to discover discrepancies and contradictions in the Scriptures, as explained by those doctrines, which he could neither reconcile with the Bible, as a whole, nor with reason, nature, or the innate convictions of his own soul. The influence of these doctrines, in this respect, had an injurious effect upon his mind, — they drove him into partial scepticism, as they have driven, and are still driving, multitudes of others. In this state of unbelief, he continued for some length of time. But about fifteen years since, he experienced a remarkable change in his opinions. Having had his attention turned to the doctrine of God's impartial and universal grace, he commenced reading the Bible, with that doctrine in view, and lo! he found it ANOTHER BOOK! All the contradictions and discrepancies which it presented, when construed in support of opposite sentiments, disappeared, and he found it reasonable, harmonious, beautiful and cheering. In other words, he was converted to Christianity under the light and power of the doctrine of

Universal Salvation. His friends were all aware of the change that came over him. They saw it, the instant it took place. It was, apparently, as sudden as that which brought Saul of Tarsus to the feet of Jesus. Since his death the following memorandum has been discovered among his papers in relation to his conversion to Christianity, written, probably, soon after it took place:

"'Be it remembered, that, on the 16th day of Feb., 1833, at the Western Exchange in the village of Auburn, Cayuga Co., in a room in said house, No. 8, a feeling took possession of my mind, with which I was never before acquainted, and which convinced me in a positive manner of a conversion to Christianity and of its truth, beyond all possible doubt.

"'IRA CURTIS.'

"This memorandum was found in an envelope, on which was the following endorsement: — 'The within is a true statement. — I. CURTIS.'

"From that day to this, he has been an unshaken believer in Christianity. To read, meditate, and speak, of the Gospel of Christ, has been the delight of his heart, and the chief occupation of his leisure moments. It is a grateful recollection, that the sentiments to which he was so strongly attached in life, and which he had labored so assiduously to spread abroad for many years, yielded him calm support and resignation in the hour of death. He was fully prepared for the great change. Death had no terrors for him. His faith was unwavering to the last moment. Gently and sweetly he resigned his spirit to Him who gave it, filled with trust and confidence in his unfailing goodness."

The following letter from ex-governor Seward, a

resident of Auburn, to the wife of the deceased, will show the estimation in which Mr. C. was held by his fellow-citizens:

"*Auburn, April* 26, 1848.

"MY DEAR MADAM:—

"I can hardly express to you how much I was shocked, on opening the morning paper, by reading the notice of the death of your respected husband. I felt self-reproached that I had not even known that he was ill. Harassed as I am with a thousand cares, I would not that such a man had died among us, and I not by his side in his illness, to tender him the assurance of my profound respect and sincere sympathy. But these regrets are unavailing. Permit me to disturb your grief, inconsolable as it must be, long enough to say, that I have lived a quarter of a century in this community, and I never knew, among its members, one more just, truthful or benevolent. Always under obligations to him, I would have confessed them to him on his death-bed. Since this melancholy pleasure was denied to me, I beg you to accept the tardy acknowledgment due to his memory from one who knew his worth, and was proud of his friendship.

"I am, dear madam,
"Very respectfully,
"Your humble servant,
"WM. H. SEWARD.

"Mrs. Elizabeth Curtis."

OLIVER SMITH, ESQ., of Fredericton, N. B., died August 26, 1848, aged 49. He was a native of Readfield, Me. The editor of the "Gospel Banner," of Maine, thus speaks of him:

"None knew him but to love him, so good was

his heart, so amiable were his manners, so upright was his life. From childhood he was a Universalist. The doctrine of universal grace grew into him with his progress to manhood, and became a part of his very constitution. He could but live in it; and in it he died with great reconciliation to the Divine will. He found few to believe his doctrines in Fredericton; but he found none to deny that they had a glorious effect upon his life. If there ever was a Christian, Br. Oliver Smith was one. He was sick several weeks before he died, and had time to make his will, and all desirable arrangements. He knew he must go, and if he manifested any impatience, it was that death was slow and tardy in performing its office. As a good Providence would have it, his brother and family from Wayne were with him on a visit when he died. It was a cause of great thankfulness to him and to them that it should have been so. He died, as he lived, full in the faith. Previous to his decease, when too weak to write himself, he called an amanuensis to his bed-side, and dictated the following letter to us, which we publish as his dying valedictory to all his friends.

"'*Fredericton, N. B., 1st August*, 1848.

"'Br. Drew, — I dictate this (being unable to write) under the fullest impression that I am fast sinking to the grave. During the last quarter of a century I have not had a doubt, nor the shadow of a doubt, in reference to the accomplishment of the purposes of God in the final restoration to a state of holiness and happiness of the entire family of man. As the taper of my existence seems to be flickering in its socket, I find my confidence in those great and glorious truths increasing and brightening. In reference to my future condition, I feel as though I

could change my abode from earth to the land of spirits as calmly and quietly as I fall asleep in my hours of health. It *may* be the will of Providence to restore me to health; but should it be otherwise designed, I now beg to bid you, and through you, Br. Drew, my numerous friends and connections widely scattered about New England, a final farewell; under the fullest assurance that we and the whole family of man shall meet around the Throne of God and join in the grand anthem of redemption throughout the wasteless ages of eternity.'"

Deacon Robert Howell, of Portland, Me., died August 19, 1848, aged 62. His pastor gives this very interesting account of him: "The writer became acquainted with brother H., about two years and a half since. He was then evidently in an incurable decline; but his conversation was cheerful, animated, and instructive. A man of steadier nerve, of clearer head, and purer heart, we have not seen. The gospel — its principles and precepts, influences and hopes — was his theme. I visited the good man, and conversed with him, more than an hundred times during his decline; and never did I see him, when speaking of his approaching departure, without a heavenly smile beaming in his countenance, rendering his face 'as the face of an angel.' He entertained the most uniformly rational and consistent views of religion, — of the uses of sickness and death, and the prospects of the future state, — of any man we ever knew, under similar circumstances. His mind was vigorous and clear, almost to the last moment. His soul was strong and healthy, and constantly on the wings of faith and hope.

"Mr. H. was an active philanthropist and reformer.

His benevolent and charitable deeds were numerous. But he desired that no public display might be made of them; assigning as a reason that, 'If he had done anything for the poor, the suffering inebriate, and others, those for whom it was done, knew it; and it was of no consequence whether other people knew it or not.' This is a specimen of our brother's unaffected modesty, and, so to speak, his 'disinterested benevolence.' For many years, Deacon Howell was a very active member of the Universalist Church and Society, in this place. He is said to have been ready in prayer, and a felicitous speaker in social meetings and conferences. He was sound in faith and mighty in the Scriptures, giving God the glory.

"During his whole sickness, our departed friend never uttered a word of impatience or complaint. His whole confidence was in the goodness of God, and the resurrection of the Saviour, and hence, of those for whom he died and rose again. Besides other services, I often read to him from the holy Scriptures; and even after his utterance failed, and till a day before his death, as I read chapters, touching the resurrection, the light of hope would break through the visage pale with disease, and a heavenly smile animate and beautify his countenance.

"Br. H. viewed the change of worlds in such a glorious light, that he could not consent to anything like mourning, for his departure to his glorious home. Death had no terrors for him; for it was the gate to endless joy."

Dr. Timothy Howe, of Turner, Me., died August 31, 1848, aged 71. It was the request of this worthy man that no eulogium should be given of his life and character; a request with which his family

complied. But his minister, who had long and affectionately known him, deemed it proper to offer his tribute of the heart to his memory. We make an extract from the same. "He was a literary man, and well educated in the true sense of the word; deeply read in ancient and modern history; and especially the history contained in, and connected with, the Bible. And as he had a wonderful memory and an easy method of communication, his conversation was edifying and instructive. He was a constant student of the Scriptures, and from them he drew those pure maxims by which his life was guided. His faith in the paternity of God, the brotherhood of man, and in the final ingathering and salvation of the whole human family, was firm and unwavering. This faith constituted his spiritual life; for it was a living, operative faith, which cheered him in prosperity and adversity. From time to time for many years he contributed with his pen to the dissemination of the faith which so much warmed and cheered his own heart.

"He was not fond of controversy, but was ever ready to defend his religious views in a spirit of mildness and charity, and to impart a knowledge of his faith to all who were sincerely inquiring after truth. His was not a mere speculative faith, that 'plays around the head, but comes not to the heart;' but one which sustained him under the most trying scenes of bodily suffering, and which to the last moment of his earthly existence afforded him visions of immortal beatitude. During the past winter I enjoyed one of the happiest interviews with him which ever fell to my lot. He was then in the daily expectation of a passage through the valley of death; but I found him calm, reconciled and happy, — so

much so, that I felt that it was good for me to be there, and that I was willing to exchange conditions with him. After taking, as I supposed, my final leave of him in this world, he called me back into his room and addressed me as follows: — 'Br. Bates, you will in all probability be called to attend my funeral in a short time; I hope very soon. I want you to console the family, for they will need consolation. I have thought of a portion of Scripture which I wish you to use as a text on that occasion. It is a part of the song which Moses composed for the Israelites just before his death, in which he takes no glory to himself, but ascribes all benefits to the wisdom and goodness of God. You will find it in the 32d chapter of Deuteronomy, first four verses.' I assured him I would faithfully observe his wishes. He remained nearly six months from that time, exemplifying the power of Christian faith, and teaching by his example those who were with him, how to live, and how to die.

"He has left a Farewell Address to his family, which they will prize beyond all price; and another to his friends and neighbors, in which he gives his dying testimony against the evils of Intemperance, National War, and African Slavery; which last he regarded as the foulest blot upon our national escutcheon."

Capt. Samuel Marble, of Milbury, Mass., died October 8, 1848, aged 73. About six weeks previous to the death of Capt. Marble, death came and carried away his wife, and left him in a very low state of health, to mourn her loss. It has finally released him from the troubles and trials of earth, and introduced him into the society of those whom he loved while here below. "By invitation of a

friend," says a ministering brother, "I visited Capt. M. a few days previous to his death, and I shall never forget the words of Christian hope, resignation, and trust, which fell from his lips. He seemed to be very anxious to be 'absent from the body,' that 'he might be present with the Lord.' He said that there was nothing for which he could wish to live. 'I am anxious to depart,' said he, 'that I may behold the face of my heavenly Father, and live with him and the Saviour forever.' Capt. M. was a member of the Universalist denomination, and his life, character, and happy death, were enough to convince the most narrow and bigoted sectarian, that he was a true, enlightened Christian. One of his neighbors, a member of an orthodox church, called to see him a few days previous to his death, at which time the following conversation, in substance, was had: — 'Mr. Marble, you have got to be an old man, and are doubtless very near your end. Have you seen no good reason to change your religious belief?' 'I can see no reason for changing my religious sentiments,' said he; 'they have been a source of pleasure and consolation to me in life, and I trust they will not fail to be my support in death; for a religion that will do to live by, will most certainly do to die by. How can I change my religious views for the better? I believe in God, and Christ, and his religion. Is not this sufficient? Can you suggest anything more important than this? In this faith I have lived, and in it I wish to die, in God's own time.' The use of the orthodox church was freely granted for the funeral."

Mr. Josiah Nickerson of Provincetown, Mass., died April 22, 1849, aged 28. He was a young man of sound and strong mind. From early youth he

desired to be engaged in the ministry, and commenced a course of preparatory studies under the direction of Rev. H. Ballou, 2d, of Medford. "From thence," writes another of him, "he went and took charge of the Universalist Society in Fall River, Mass., where he labored, in word and doctrine, to their entire satisfaction, for three months, when he was taken bleeding at the lungs. From that time (six years ago) to the close of his life, disease gradually gained upon him, with occasionally bleeding from the lungs. His constitution was feeble, and at times he suffered great bodily pain, — all of which he endured with patience, looking forward with a settled and confident assurance that the hour of his release would ere long come, when his sufferings would be at an end. It was his happy privilege to entertain a very firm reliance on the goodness of God; and to feel the persuasion, 'that neither death nor life' could efface the love of his heavenly Father, as revealed in Christ Jesus, our Lord. This assurance wonderfully sustained him, and enabled him to converse with his friends about dying with as much composure as he would of taking a journey, or of any of the ordinary affairs of life. He looked upon death as an ordinance of God's appointment, in infinite wisdom for the best, yea, the highest good of the human race; and, in his last struggles, it made him more than conqueror through him that loved and died for us. Thus, while his outward man failed, his inward man was renewed, and he was permitted to close his eyes on the things of this world, with the prospective assurance of opening them on a world of perfect holiness and bliss. He met that change, which must come ere long to us all, like a Christian." Some time before his death he directed that the gift of a Bible, from him, should be

made to each member of the family of his paternal home. That was his great directory; and he would commend its sacred teachings to them.

JOHN KENRICK, Esq., of Orleans, Mass., died May 25, 1849, aged 68. His minister bears this tribute to his memory: — "Mr. K. was extensively known, and very generally esteemed for his works' sake. He possessed great intellectual power, a strong religious feeling, and a pleasing and ready flow of language; hence, his influence was great among all classes with which he moved and mingled. He held many important offices of trust, in all of which he acquitted himself with great faithfulness and ability. He stood high for a great number of years in the Orthodox Congregationalist Church. And no man in the town ever exerted a wider influence than he. In fact, it is questionable whether the minister of the parish exceeded him in this respect. But thinking he had imbibed more light, he closed his religious connection with the Congregationalists and connected himself with the Baptists, with whom he remained for several years, when a more brilliant light broke in upon his soul, and with joy did he hail it. He had long advocated the doctrine that 'all would be saved for whom Christ died;' but *now*, he saw and was convinced that 'Christ gave himself for all men.' This thought so thrilled his bosom that he could not hold his peace, but proclaimed and defended it wherever he went, and with the most signal ability. And, during his health, he often preached the sentiment which burned in his heart, and always to great acceptance. He was of a remarkably fervent and religious turn; and it has been our happy privilege repeatedly to listen to his voice so full of devotion

and religious fervor, at the communion table, and in the conference meeting. And we never listened without feeling our religious strength increased, and our devotion renewed. During his most painful sickness, Universalism filled his soul, to overflowing, with its pure delight, and when many might have murmured at the trying allotments of Divine Providence, he was all resignation, and not a complaint escaped his lips, but most eloquently and fervently did he pray. It was the spontaneous overflowing of the heart to God, in whom he devoutly put his trust. He seemed to have visions of that pure and happy land to which he was hastening, and upon whose bright and incorruptible shores he appeared almost to have placed his willing feet. He would sometimes break from a quiet slumber, and relate with ecstasy, the bright glimpses which he had had of that blessed spirit-land to which his weary spirit has gone, and where it has found that sweet peace and rest for which he so earnestly prayed."

Mr. Watson Hastings, of East Cambridge, died May 5, 1849, aged 43. Mr. H. was well known to the Universalist denomination in the vicinity of Boston, as one of our most worthy and active friends. His illness was short. He was at meeting on the Sabbath previous to his death, and before that week ended he had passed away. His pastor writes; "When an individual has been so active as Br. Hastings ever was in the cause of piety, our anxiety is deepened to know how he stood the ordeal. Did he shrink before the destroyer? or were his last hours brightened by faith? I feel thankful that I can furnish a gratifying answer to such inquiries. I visited Br. Hastings twice during the last day of his

life. In the morning he apprized me of his physician's fears that he would not recover, but seemed himself to cherish a hope of his restoration. In the afternoon, however, his expectations were changed. He no longer entertained a hope of recovery, but resigned himself calmly to his lot. Previous to my last visit, he had given directions in respect to his funeral, requesting to be buried by the side of a little daughter whom he had lost years before. When I reached him he was quite feeble. He seemed almost gasping for breath, yet spoke with great composure of his departure. 'My physician tells me I am a dying man,' said he, 'but I wish you to know that my faith is unwavering. Tell all who feel an interest in the matter, — for I am willing that the world shall know, — that my case is another instance of the power of the Gospel to sustain the soul in the trying hour. I hope that I have made the world somewhat better from my having lived in it.' To my remark that I had the fullest confidence in the power of our doctrine to cheer the soul in every season, he responded, 'Yes, it is good for both life and death.' I discovered that he was quite drowsy, and that it wearied him to converse; I therefore endeavored to restrain him from talking, and assured him that I understood his feelings, and saw that his hopes were bright. He repeated my remarks: 'Yes, my hope is bright; I feel that it is only when we are too much engrossed by worldly cares, that we undervalue the Gospel.' On my leaving him, he grasped my hand, and said, 'Br. Goodrich, I am an older man than you are; let me charge you to be faithful to the cause: it is a glorious one.'

"Other friends came to see him. To all of them he avowed his faith, and whispered words of consolation

To one who had lost an estimable husband, a year before, he said, 'I shall soon see Br. E. What a joyful time it will be when we all get home, and join in singing praises to God! The only painful circumstance is, that we cannot all go together.' His wife came from her sick chamber to take leave of him. Only a week before, she seemed to be at the point of death, while he was in tolerable health. He gently checked those who were present, and whose grief was adding to her anguish, and endeavored to soothe her by reminding her of the promises of God! With the kindest words he bade all his family farewell. One circumstance, however, occasioned much regret. His eldest son, a promising young man, was on his passage to California. The father's heart yearned toward his boy, and he lamented that he could not be present to see him ere he died. But he left a message for him. 'Tell him,' said he, 'that I hope he will prove himself an upright man. I have sought to live honestly, in the sight of God and men, and I hope that he will live thus.'

"Thus conversing, a good man passed his last hours. Gradually his strength failed, and, without any apparent struggle, he fell asleep. Tranquil as the sleeping infant he drew his last breath. His memory is blessed. The spontaneous expressions of sorrow on the part of all his acquaintances tell that he had attained that good name which is better than great riches. I need not say to any man who knew Br. Hastings, that he was an habitually devout man. A scrap of paper found in his pocket-book, contained a sentence in his own hand-writing, which gives a key to the temper of his soul. 'Pardon what I have been; correct what I am; direct what I shall be, O

Jesus!' This seems a prayer which he daily breathed."

JAMES BURLEY, ESQ., of Exeter, N. H., died December 16, 1850. He was one of the most worthy and respected citizens of E., where he had always resided, and where he had held very important offices during nearly the whole of his more mature life. He possessed great strength of character, and was very clear-minded and decided in his religious views. He was a very efficient member of the religious society to which he was attached; and the subjoined testimony from his pastor, in reference to the closing scenes of his life, will show to us the support which his faith then yielded him.

"He was afflicted with disease of the heart, complicated with dropsy and disease of the liver; and much of the time he was subject to paroxysms of very distressing difficulty of breathing. All his sufferings, however, were borne with cheerfulness and fortitude. Not a complaint escaped him of the severity of his lot. His faith sustained him in every pain, giving assurance that his 'light affliction would work a more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.' Conscious of his situation, he conversed freely on the subject of dying with his neighbors, kindred and friends, always expressing his readiness to depart when his hour should come. All his family connections are of an opposite faith. They felt, as the dictate of friendship and affection, a very natural solicitude, not obtrusive or importunate, to ascertain his views during the trying scenes of the last days of his life. But every reference to that subject only served to elicit a stronger and still more decided expression of his faith in the salvation of all men. There might

have been some who expected a change, but the time has passed by for any great reliance to be placed on changes of faith in the hour of death. But he himself manifested his usual thoughtfulness and foresight even to the time of his dissolution. To the writer of this his religious views were, during this period, reäffirmed with his usual clearness and decision. And lest there should be any misunderstanding on this subject after his death, he requested a member of his family to write down his feelings and convictions as he should dictate, and communicate the same to a much loved friend then residing in a distant state. From the bed-side memoranda of this faithful daughter, I am permitted to copy the following frank avowal of his religious opinions, made about three weeks before his death. This was his 'last will and testament' on that subject. His mind was uncommonly clear and sound all through his sickness, and he seemed to rely with the calm serenity of a Christian's hope upon the Gospel which he had so long cherished: —

"'At father's request, I write to inform you of the state of his health, which has been such, since he received your last letter, that he has been unable to reply to it, although he has had a great desire to do so. He wishes me to say that he has not given up the hope of recovery until very recently, but now he thinks it improbable that he can be any better.

"'He particularly wishes me to assure you that the Gospel which he heard preached by John Murray, in Nathaniel Frothingham's house in Salem, Mass., from the text, 'I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ,' fifty-three years ago, has sustained him and still continues to sustain him through his illness, and of the truth of which Gospel, as believed by him, he

has not had the least doubt. He says that you are at liberty to make use of the declarations as you please, as he is willing the world should know his confidence in that faith.'"

MRS. ADALINE LEACH, wife of Mr. George W. Leach, died in Boston, December 27, 1850. During her residence in this city, she was one of the worshippers in the School-street Church, until she was unable to attend public religious services. She declined in consumption; and this testimony to the firmness of her faith in sickness and in death, is given us by her minister: "Her conviction of the overruling providence of God, made her sickness and approaching death seem to her to be wisely ordered, and to be the ministrations of perfect love. She would declare it to be '*all for the best*,' with such a relish and unreserve, as showed that her affections, as well as judgment, accepted the providences which were meted out to her. So calm, buoyant, and hopeful, was the spirit she cherished, that all feelings of sadness seemed to be banished from her presence. Her physician expressed great pleasure in visiting her; and her friends all felt that the truth was most powerfully commended to their hearts by her example. Of the paternal love of God, the mercifulness of all his providences, and the final triumph of his grace over all hearts, she had no doubt; and her confidence kindled a like confidence in hearts which had been strangers thereto. She made all the arrangements she desired preparatory to her departure, committed her special requests to her husband, and particularly exhorted him and the sister with whom they had resided, to be cheerful in their seasons of meditation, and not dwell upon her death in sadness. Though unseen by them,

she thought she should still be with them, and cherished the fullest confidence that they should find a common home, conscious of each other's presence, in a world of immortal blessedness. Her spirit did not seem to grasp convulsively at these hopes, but to rest in them with a ripened conviction and matured strength.

"She retained her powers of mind to the last moment of life. A few minutes before she ceased to breathe, she called her husband and the several members of the family to her bed-side, and bade them, one by one, a most affectionate farewell. Her death was calm and peaceful as the setting of a summer's sun. It was one of those scenes which it is profitable to witness. It speaks most eloquently of the value of Christian truth, and of the blessedness of that heart which finds itself in full sympathy with truth. So resistless was the lesson her example furnished in sickness and death, that some who had been strangers to such hopes, confessed its power."

JOY AND PEACE.

"Now the God of all hope," says the apostle, "fill you with all joy and peace in believing, that ye may abound in hope through the power of the Holy Ghost."* Joy and peace are fruits of the Spirit. They are attendants of the Christian life; joy in the midst of earth's afflictions — peace in its turmoil and storm, — cheerfulness in deprivations — holy exultation in divine supplies; quiet when the waves of

* Rom. 15: 13.

human passion rage most fiercely, and "the mountains heave with the swelling thereof." These attendants depart not when death comes; though its shadows darken, and its dread uncertainties would fill the doubting soul with consternation. These blessings fail not. Joy ministers to the stricken one, as the passage from life narrows towards the grave. It is the joy of faith. It not only dispels all gloom, but diffuses divine sunlight through all the soul. It comes, too, with "the peace that passeth understanding." So speak these celestial ministers in the instances now to be named.

Miss Adeline B. Crandall, daughter of Mr. Benjamin Crandall, of Hoosic, N. Y., died April 14, 1841, aged 18. From an epistle written by a friend who was with her during the concluding week of her life, we make the extracts which follow:

"I was with her about four weeks before she died. I found her doubting, and yet desiring to know the truth. She delighted in reading the Bible, and conversing with her friends upon the important subject of religion; and when at last she became fully convinced that the Scriptures taught the doctrine of a sinless immortality for all the human family, her joy seemed complete. I never saw her more animated than when expatiating upon this glorious theme. She bore the most extreme pain with resignation — said it was for some wise purpose she was called to suffer, and God knew best what his children could bear. She would frequently observe that she was perfectly happy, and ready to die. She expressed her gratitude for the privilege she enjoyed of seeing Br. B——, conversing with him, and uniting in his prayers to the throne of grace. She was much

affected by the prayer, and observed that she could repeat every word of it, if she had sufficient strength.

"The morning before she died, she began to gasp for breath, and said to her father, who sat by her side, 'Father, I am dying.' He replied, 'I don't know but you are.' She then called for her mother, took her by the hand, and said: 'My dear mother, I am now about to leave you, but don't mourn for me, for we shall meet again;' thanked her for her extreme kindness in health and in sickness; spoke affectionately to her father; seemed grateful for what he had done; said he had devoted all his time to her during her sickness, and she never knew how to appreciate his kindness so justly before.

"She selected a clergyman to preach her funeral discourse, and the spot of earth where she chose to be buried. She gave her younger sister some excellent advice; wished her to be kind and obedient to her parents, and to choose the wise and the virtuous for her companions. She called each of her friends to her, spoke of the happy hours they had passed together, and said, 'Notwithstanding we now must part, it will be for but a few short years, when we shall meet in another and better world, where sorrow and sighing will be known no more.'

"She wished her associates, who lived near, to be called in, took them by the hand, one after another, and bade them a last farewell on earth. Observing them to weep, she said, 'Don't weep for me.' One replied, 'You are very dear to us all; we cannot help weeping for you.' She observed, 'I have bid all my friends farewell, without shedding a tear. I cannot shed a tear — I am so happy.'

"The Baptist clergyman called to see her, and asked her how she was. She replied, 'I am dying,

and I am perfectly happy; and I shall die happy; I die a Universalist — a firm believer in that glorious faith.' In answer to some of his observations, she said, 'See how kind my earthly father has been. Can I think my heavenly Father will be less kind?' He observed that she must not judge her heavenly Father by her earthly one. He then prayed with her, for which she returned him thanks, and said she hoped God would bless him.

"Soon afterwards, she inquired if he had gone; said, if he was there, she believed she could convince him of the truth of Universalism. Her cousin, who sat by her side, and had been a member of a Baptist church for several years, inquired if she would not like to convince her. 'O,' said she, 'if I could.' The reply was — 'You have. I have had more evidence of the truth of that doctrine than ever before.' Adeline looked up with a countenance I shall never forget, — for she looked not like a being of this world, — and said, 'My heart is so full! If I could pour it out to you I should be so glad!'

"She fell asleep, and slept for some time. When she awoke, she seemed nearly unconscious, but revived about two hours before her death, and continued to converse as long as she lived; called her friends around her the second time, to bid them farewell. They seemed deprived of the power of speech, so affecting was the scene. Adeline was perfectly calm; death and the grave had no terrors for her, so transported was she with the faith of a glorious immortality beyond the grave, where all shall be united with Christ, their head. Her work on earth was nearly done. She inquired of her physician how long he thought she might live. He replied, 'But a few minutes.' She observed, 'Life is sweet.' She

then prayed God to call her spirit quickly away, and in a few moments breathed her last."

MRS. JANE AMES, of Cambridgeport, died January 20, 1842, aged 49. She was the widow of Deacon Simon Ames, whose death is recorded in a preceding part of this book. The editor of the "Trumpet," who had lived twenty years near her family, thus relates the circumstances attending her last illness and death:—"Both she and her husband were taken sick six or eight months ago, but with very different disorders. She was spared to take care of him until his death; and, for a short time after that solemn event, she was thought to be at least as well as she had ever been. About three weeks before her death, however, her friends began to see a serious change, and quite soon all the fatal symptoms of a rapid consumption presented themselves. She failed very fast until death gave her relief. She manifested a wonderful example of Christian resignation. Her reason was unclouded during the last week. When the writer first saw her, after she had taken her bed, he was convinced she was going. 'You are going home,' said I, 'to meet your dear husband in glory. Your sufferings are nearly over. Trouble not your mind about the things of this world; commit your children to God, and prepare your mind for death.' She delighted in the exercise of prayer; and, on my asking her, after having prayed with her, if she heard distinctly, 'O yes,' said she, 'every word. Beautiful! beautiful!' On the Sabbath before she died, she sent to the meeting-house, in the afternoon, to request me and the singers to come to her room. We went without delay. 'I long to hear another prayer,' said she, 'and I wish the singers to

sing three hymns.' Her face was brightened up with joy. I told her she was very weak, and so much singing might injure her. 'No,' she replied, 'it will injure me more not to hear it.' I suggested that one hymn would be as much as she could enjoy. But she uttered with great emphasis — 'Three, three.' We then sung gently, in Pleyel's Hymn, the hymn beginning,

'Why should we start and fear to die?'

"After this we engaged in prayer, in which she united most reverently and devoutly.

"This was succeeded by the beautiful hymn, so appropriate to her situation,

'Arise, my soul, and stretch thy wings.'

"And then, after a few remarks designed for the benefit of the persons present, we sung,

'When I can read my title clear,'

in that sweet tune, Arlington. Taken altogether, this was one of the most thrilling occasions I ever knew. We all saw the dying saint before us, — her hands folded, her eyes gazing intently upward, — the subdued voices of the choir, — the solemn service of prayer, — the tears of the neighbors, — the sobs of the children, — the darkened room, — the full certainty we all felt that death was approaching, — it was a degree of the morally sublime which men seldom see equalled. She expressed her wish, that if she lived until the next Sabbath, the same service might

be repeated. Her spirit struggled with the disease, until the following Sunday morning. As early as two o'clock in the morning she was death-struck, and about four the lamp of life went gently out."

MRS. EUNICE P. STRICKLAND, wife of Rev. G. G. Strickland, died in Reading, Mass., in April, 1842, aged 27. To speak of the character of Mrs. S., is to declare the bright manifestation of Christian virtue, of faith, and hope, and love. She not only believed in the great truth of God's sovereign goodness and illimitable grace, but she adorned this doctrine in her Christian demeanor, in her godly life. All who knew her, will bear ready testimony to her amiable and peaceful spirit. In bodily weakness and infirmity she was strengthened by her faith in God. Her months, weeks, days, and hours, of wearisome disease and slow decay were borne with patience, meekness and hope. No murmuring, no repining, came to make dark her passage to the tomb; but confidence and peace were her spiritual guests and companions. As her end drew near she was the more anxious to depart. All her remaining temporal affairs she minutely adjusted, making even the desired arrangement for her funeral occasion. She had also much joy in her last moments. She was often anxious to depart, not so much to be released from earthly ills, as from a desire to enter upon heavenly realities; for these realities seemed near her. She appeared at one time, while in full possession of all her faculties, to have a most enrapturing view of attendant angels, and of her own parents, (who had left the earth,) in company with them. Full of Christian faith she departed. Death had no sting:

"The grave no desolation;
To die was gain —
With Christ to reign —
The rock of her salvation."

MRS. MARTHA ANN NICHOLS, wife of Rev. John Nichols, of Claremont, N. H., died in Newton, Mass., December 20, 1842, aged 27. Having consumptive indications, she was induced to leave her family in Claremont, with the hope that in a few weeks she might be able to return again to her home, to scenes of domestic enjoyment, where her virtues had ever been exhibited in a quiet, peaceable and unostentatious manner. She came to her father's house, where every means were used for her recovery, but in vain. "When," says our informant, "it was told her that there was no hope of her recovery, she expressed but one wish — that she might live to see her husband once more; and if she were not permitted, she requested the writer of this to tell him from her to preach the doctrine which he advocated, with more zeal and faithfulness than ever, because that alone could sustain the mind in the hour of dissolution. She was made acquainted with her situation on Wednesday; she continued until the following Tuesday, when, without a struggle or a groan, she fell asleep. To recount all that transpired from the time she gave up all hope of recovery, until the closing scene, would occupy too large a space. After the arrival of her husband, on Saturday night, she expressed great joy that her prayer was answered. She besought him to be resigned — to preach the everlasting gospel with more earnestness than ever, and to train up his children under its influence. On the Sunday following, after suffering great bodily distress, she

called her husband to her bed-side, and disposed of her wearing apparel, in a calm manner — then gave parting counsel to all her relatives present. On Monday, when it was thought the lamp of life had become almost extinguished, she was heard to say something which led her attendants to suppose had reference to an accordion; it was shown her by her father, when she expressed a wish that some one should play it understandingly. Her sister commenced playing the tune of Hamburg, when, to the utter astonishment of all present, she commenced singing, with a clear and strong voice, the following words: 'Come, all ye weary fainting souls.' After this she continued to sing a number of the Conference Hymns — 'The morning light is breaking' — 'The Happy Convert' — and closing with 'Heavenly Canaan.' Her strength continued to fail until Tuesday morning, at four o'clock, when her sight failed. Her husband and father standing by her, she exclaimed,

'Love is the strongest tie,
That can our souls unite.'

Immediately her husband commenced singing, in a low tone, the 'Happy Convert.' While singing the first verse, she seemed to brighten, and with a sweet voice united and sung with her husband the second verse:

'That sweet comfort was mine,
When the favor divine
I found in the blood of the Lamb,' &c.

This was the last which was heard from that voice which is now silent in death."

Mrs. Sarah C. Edgarton Mayo, wife of Rev. A. D. Mayo, died in Gloucester, Mass., July, 1848, aged 29. Mrs. M. was too well known through her literary reputation to require any particular statement of her history and character in a notice like this. And besides, such an account is already before the world, in that excellent "Memoir," by her husband, which has been so warmly welcomed and so extensively read. Her birth-place was Shirley, Mass., where she resided most of the time, until she entered upon the married life, when she removed with her husband to Gloucester.

She was one of the most amiable of women, and purest and strongest-minded of Christians. Life, to her, was full of attractions; and death was but the passage to higher and holier manifestations of it than earth could afford. In conversations, in friendly correspondence, in rich poetical effusions, were her thoughts on life and death freely communicated; and in some of the severest conflicts, in the death of dear kindred, was her faith tested. And it stood firm. She had anchored her hopes "within the vail," and "as the mountains round about Jerusalem," so were the assurances of God's truth round about her continually. She was suddenly taken away, in the midst of her years, just as her strong and attractive genius was revealing itself with more of beauty and power than ever before. "Her illness," writes her husband, "hurried her on to death with a rapidity which no medical aid could arrest. On Friday she revived, and all believed she would recover. Her conversation was cheerful, and she assured me that the violence of her disease had abated. But at night it returned with increased power, and on Saturday morning I felt that she must be called away. Her

intense suffering prevented her from talking with us till Sabbath noon. Then her pain left her, and she lay with a heavenly smile upon her face awaiting her departure. As we stood around her bed, we felt the impotence of death in the presence of the immortal spirit. No anxieties for our welfare disturbed her, but the calm radiance of her eyes, and the low melody of her voice, as she looked upon us and spoke of death, were like that of a spirit that has seen the heaven to which it is hastening. At sunset, she sunk into a state of unconsciousness, and, when darkness fell upon the earth, she had passed to her eternal home." A near friend and witness of her last hours has testified that no language can give utterance to the moral grandeur of that death scene. Calmest trust and resignation, radiant hope, and joy, and peace were there. The scene was not one of death, but of a renewal of life, — life clearly and vividly revealed and anticipated,

"Through opening vistas into heaven."

Then passed a "bright particular star" from our firmament into another where there is no darkness at all.

Mrs. Louisa Lincoln, of Brewster, Mass., died November 28, 1849, aged 34. She was a consumptive. The disease had manifested itself, in its incipient stages, some months before, while at sea with her husband, Capt. Daniel Lincoln. The vessel put into New Orleans, then sailed for Mobile, chiefly on her account. She went back into the country from this last named port. But the removal was not beneficial to her; and measures were taken to convey her home

as soon as practicable, where, with thankful heart, she at length arrived. A neighboring minister says of her, that he visited her the day before her death, and that, though she was very weak, he enjoyed a pleasant and profitable interview. "She spoke faintly, but with a sweet smile, of her early religious instruction and training; of the many peculiar fancies entertained by her pious mother, to whose devotional fervor, she said, she owed so much, as it always gave her a love for this spiritual service. And at her request we united in prayer, and in the singing of several of her favorite tunes and hymns, in all of which she took a verbal as well as a spiritual part. And we shall not soon forget the expression which rested upon her wasted and faded countenance, as we closed. With her hands clasped and her lips gently moving, she still seemed to pray, as if her enraptured spirit had caught bright glimpses of that happy land. It was a scene which, though it melted us all in tears, seemed to make us happier and stronger. We all felt it good to be there. Mrs. L. was born and reared in Germany. Her mother was a devoted member of the Lutheran church, and from her she early imbibed that doctrine. But soon after she came to this country, she heard the joyful sound of God's free and impartial grace, which met with a most ready and cordial response in her anxious and inquiring heart. She felt as if she could never be weary in words so full of life and joy. It was a faith so radiant with heavenly glory as pleasantly to illume her earthly way, even through her last struggles to the grave. She was constitutionally lively and cheerful; and it is seldom we find the varied graces of the friend and Christian uniting in a sweeter harmony, and exhibiting a purer brightness in any one character. She

crossed the Atlantic ocean nineteen times, and the Pacific ocean twice, with her husband. But she has gone her last voyage, and reached, we trust, the heavenly haven in peace."

MRS. MARY A. PERKINS, wife of Mr. Elisha Perkins, of Biddeford, Me., died January 24, 1850, aged 33. Mrs. P. was pleasantly situated in life, and, until within a year previous to her death, had experienced but little illness. Says the friend to whom we are indebted for this account, "When I saw the approaching shadow, and thought of her young, joyous heart, of all she had to bind her to earth, and of her satisfaction with the present, I trembled and feared exceedingly. It seemed to me that when assured she must leave all, and go alone into the silent way of death, she would be overwhelmed. I feared it the more because the exuberance of her joyousness seemed to exclude the solemn and earnest thought, which raises life to that highest plain, where death is seen to be but a step in life — a wise appointment of One who loves us. I knew, however, that the outward appearance, in company and among strangers, is no sure index of the inward feeling. There remained a hope, as she had long been a Universalist, and had sometimes spoken lovingly of God, that she would be able to endure, if not to triumph. That hope was not disappointed; was more than fulfilled; the triumph was complete. She was not only willing, but anxious to go, 'and did chide the tardy steps of death.'

"Her life, as I have said, had been full of joy; and she clung to it as to a blessing. Week after week she prayed that she might live, and hoped and thought she should. If a doubt was expressed in her

presence it troubled her. She said to me, 'I am so young; only thirty-three years old!' She sunk rapidly; and very soon was aware that she could not recover. From this moment she manifested the wide difference between an ardent attachment to the blessings furnished us here, and any fear or dread of departing, when the good Father wills it. She said she waited the coming of the angels to take her to heaven. 'I know,' said she, 'it is a comfort to my friends to have me with them, so that they can converse with me, and serve me. I wish you could see the children, beginning with the youngest, all come and kiss me and bid me "Good night, mother!" before retiring to rest. For their sakes I will try to wait patiently; besides, God knows what is best. I will fold my hands and close my eyes, and submit entirely to him.'

"Sometimes she would talk of the many blessings enjoyed in the bosom of her family,—it seemed to her the happiest of families,—but always with an anxious wish to be away with the angels. Her only fear was that her physical strength would be too great for her patience; and she sought with child-like tenderness and truthfulness to fortify her patience by such external arrangements as seemed to her to promise most support to the inner spirit in the moment of its weakness. But of the future she was confident. When death was once past, she knew all would be well. She said, 'To be without confidence in God, O, that would be terrible!' Often she would say, 'If there are any who think the hope of the Universalist is not sufficient for the death-bed, bring them here, and let me talk to them about it; let them see me now.' And many other things she said, the memory of which will be very precious to her friends and to all

that heard them, while they live; will perhaps help us, some of us, to die more calmly when our time comes."

MRS. MARY H. FORD, wife of Mr. Daniel B. Ford, of South Boston, died June 11, 1850, aged 36. She was a firm and interested believer in Christian truth. Her devotion was evinced in the spirit of reverence, meekness, humility — of love to God, and for our nature. Her pastor writes: — "The sickness of our sister was short — very short; and yet, when assured that it must prove fatal, she exhibited perfect resignation to the will of God, and expressed a desire to depart and be with Christ. Like Stephen of old, full of faith and of the Holy Ghost, she saw the heavens opened. She saw the angels and the Son of God. To her husband she said, in the calm composure of her spirit, 'I hear the music of heaven. I see one harp waiting to be touched by my spirit.' Friends who could not sympathize in the fulness of her faith, but who loved her as a sister, stood near, anxiously watching to see if that faith would sustain her until the death struggle was past. And we record her testimony to her husband, given for their benefit. He laid his hand upon her forehead, and, deeply impressed with the solemnities of that trying moment, he addressed her, saying, 'Mary, do you believe that we shall meet again? — meet in heaven?' The spirit of faith struggling for manifestation with an intensity which words could not utter, revealed itself in her countenance. And all that stood by, looking steadfastly upon her, saw her face as it had been the face of an angel. None failed to detect an affirmative answer in that halo of glory which veiled her features. 'Believe!' said she, as she looked

up steadfastly unto heaven, 'believe! *why, I know we shall meet again. I see it now.*' Then turning to her sister, she said, 'You cannot see what I see. Your faith will not permit you to; *but* YOU *will see it in time.*'

"Thus exulting in the triumphs of her faith, she settled the doubts and confirmed the faith of her friends. Requesting that her children might each be presented with a copy of the Holy Bible, and encouraged to make its sacred pages their daily study, and that the services of the writer, as her former pastor, might be engaged at her funeral, she took an affectionate leave of all her family and friends, and fell asleep."

MRS. ELIZA AMELIA JEWELL, wife of Rev. Henry Jewell, of Cincinnati, died on her passage down the Ohio River, August 21, 1850, aged 39. Her husband, soon after the event, thus writes to a friend:—

"We took passage in the steamer St. Cloud on the 17th. On the following Tuesday, Mrs. Jewell was taken violently sick with what we regarded the cholera morbus, being the third attack she had had during the season. We had all the approved medicines, several very active and experienced ladies, a physician who happened to be on board; and we did all that we could do, watching over her all night; but she continued to fail till two o'clock on Wednesday, when she bade farewell to earth.

"I cannot describe her last moments. They were more than calm — they were triumphant. She had a glorious vision of the upper and blessed world. Then she came back to earth in her feelings, and called us all around her, and gave the parting blessing. She said she was willing to go. I never

witnessed a more triumphant state of mind. Her confidence was all in God. She said, works availed nothing, but the love of Christ. She repeated a few verses of the hymn, beginning,

'Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly.'

"I requested her, when she was unable to speak, to press my hand, if her faith sustained her. She pressed my hand, and smiled. And thus she died — thus, I hope and believe, she 'languished into life.'

"She was buried at Paducah, Ky., at the mouth of Tennessee river, about 400 miles below Cincinnati.

MRS. MARY B. FOWLER, wife of Rev. P. P. Fowler, died in Ohio, February 5, 1851, aged 31. In a letter to the editor of the "Star in the West," the husband writes of her as follows: — "She possessed great energy of character, a strength and assurance of faith that no cloud ever darkened, and a force and clearnesss of intellectual perception and judgment that no sophistry could obscure. Stronger faith, a deeper, more heartfelt, and fervent spirit of devotion, I have never known. She was a Universalist in faith and practice. She was a pure, faithful and blameless wife, a sincere and constant friend, an affectionate and dutiful child, and a loving sister.

"She maintained a happy state of mind under all her afflictions. For her, death had no sting, and the valley of death no darkness. About two weeks before her death, a Methodist minister paid her a visit, and to a remark of his that he hoped she 'had put all aboard of the Old Ship Zion,' she replied, 'I have,

and its timbers are all sound.' 'Yes, yes, bless God!' said he. 'And what is better,' she continued, 'the ship is large enough to carry, and will carry, the whole world safely over the Jordan of death.' 'Yes, yes, thank God, thank God!' he replied. About two hours before her death, when I told her that I thought she was dying, she replied, 'The Lord be praised! I shall be soon free.' She entreated me repeatedly, and with great earnestness, not to weep and mourn, but to be calm, and rejoice that she was rising to a higher life. She said, 'I cannot weep; I am happy; this will be the happiest day of my life, if I can only go. My faith grows stronger and stronger; the prospect brightens more and more.' She said repeatedly, 'Lord Jesus, come quickly!' And again she said to me, 'I shall meet you and my mother, and my sisters, and the world, where all is bright, and pure, and happy.' Again she said, 'This is not death to me,—I shall never die.'

"A few moments before she breathed her last, she requested that a light should be brought into the room. She then continued perfectly still for a moment, and I supposed all was over, and that the last word had been spoken; but to my surprise she revived a little, and said to me, in a whisper so thrilling that it seems as though I heard it still, 'O, why will you call me back when I had gone so far I *could see clear through?*' These were her last words. She had selected the following Scripture to be used as a text on her funeral occasion: 'Jesus said unto her, I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die. Believest thou this?' John xi. 25, 26."

THE NEEDED HOPE FOUND.

MANY a soul, partially enlightened by Christianity, has, notwithstanding its rejoicings in the salvation revealed through Christ Jesus, been filled with unutterable sorrow in view of the doctrine of eternal condemnation with which Christianity itself has been wrongfully connected. This doctrine has clouded the fairest prospects of the future existence; it has embittered the whole lives of the purest minded of our race. It caused the eloquent Saurin to exclaim: "I find in the thought a mortal poison, which diffuseth itself into every period of my life, rendering society tiresome, nourishment insipid, pleasure disgustful, and life itself a cruel bitter. I cease to wonder that the fear of hell hath made some mad and others melancholy." It impelled one of our most popular Christian commentators to write: "I trust other men — as they profess to do — understand this better than I do, and that they have not the ANGUISH OF SPIRIT which I have; but I confess, when I look on a world of sinners and of sufferers; upon death-beds and grave-yards; upon the world of woe filled with hosts to suffer forever; when I see my friends, my parents, my family, my people, my fellow-citizens — when I look upon a whole race, all involved in this sin and danger, and when I see the great mass of them wholly unconcerned, and when I feel that God can only save them, and yet he does not do it, I am struck dumb. It is all *dark* — DARK — DARK to my soul — and *I cannot disguise it.*"*

Is this "rejoicing in the hope of the glory of God?" Is this being delivered from the fear of

* Rev. Albert Barnes.

death? Is it seeing death swallowed up in victory, tears wiped from off all faces, sorrow and sighing coming to an end? Is it not rather "another gospel" than that which brings "Life and Immortality to light?" Let conscience answer.

Such a doctrine cannot afford that Christian rest, and comfort, and peace, needed in times of sickness and pain, and decay, and when death comes near. At such seasons we seek for assurances of the abundant grace of the Father; his ability to do for us according to our wants; to be strength in our weakness, and encouragement and life in the midst of our fear and despondency. Not a few, who have believed through life in the doctrines of personal and particular election and reprobation, according to the Calvinistic scheme, have, at the time of their own departure from the world, been filled with doubt and gloom in consequence of the uncertainty involved in these doctrines. They could not rest fully assured of their election and their safety. Dr. Thomas Scott, the distinguished commentator, was among this number. His biographer relates, that during his last illness, he passed through "deep waters, and sometimes walked in darkness," and would say, "Even one fear, when eternity is at stake, is sufficient to countervail all its consoling effects." And then, of how many others is it true, that, while they have considered it a most sacred item of Christian theology that "the eternal state of all the dead" is suspended on the faith adopted, or the deeds done here by the individual, — they have, in the hour of death, rested all their hopes for the future on the free, unmerited gift of sovereign grace!

This is where all must rest. And the fact that this is the ultimate resort, — the final resting-place

of the spirit, tends to prove the agreement of the great Christian Hope of Life and Immortality for all, with the deepest wants of our nature. It is the hope which commends itself, in its divine fulness and completeness, "to every man's conscience in the sight of God." Unsatisfied, afflicted, tormented, with other conceptions of the final destiny of man, the soul can find that rest and peace it needs only in the conviction, that the same goodness which here so continually sustains and blesses our nature, will bear this nature through all its changes from mortal to immortality, from the earthly to the heavenly. Instances where this conviction has come to the soul for the first time, when bodily debility and pain have given warning of the sure approach of death, will now be stated. We commend them to the attentive and devout consideration of all who read; for they are beautiful and striking illustrations of that faith of which unbelief has sometimes ignorantly or wilfully said, that it failed in the hour of death; and that it must be renounced for one of narrower vision, and far more uncertain promises! Nay; let us rather understand that the change needed is, not the certain for the uncertain, — the theories of men for the doctrine of God, — the fountain for the broken cisterns; but the divine assurance for human speculation, — the promises of the Father, which are Yea and Amen in Christ Jesus, for theological contingency, — the broken cisterns for the fountain!

Mrs. Sally Murdock, of Hamilton, N. Y., died in 1810. Although the date of this death is much older than any others recorded in these pages, it is worthy of being referred to, and kept in remembrance. Mrs. M. was one of the worthiest of women.

She had been an occasional hearer of the preaching of Universalism, but had not openly and strongly avowed it, until she was called to endure the infirmities of disease, and the prospect of death came evidently near. She was supposed by her friends to be of another faith — the Presbyterian. One night, not long before her death, as a kind neighbor and his wife were watching with her, she made a full and strong avowal of her faith to them. The intelligence, though welcome, was unexpected to them. To their earnest inquiries, "Are you, then, a believer in the final salvation of all?" she answered unhesitatingly, "I am. I have always been afraid of the doctrine, and have avoided the meetings where it has been preached, lest I should be led astray. But since I have been brought on a sick-bed, which is undoubtedly my death-bed, I have become fully settled and established in the faith of Universal Salvation; it has been my support through the bodily sufferings I have experienced, and it is my solace and comfort in the hour of approaching death. It has reconciled me to God, enabling me to bow, without a murmuring thought, to his divine will. I have rejoiced in it, and do rejoice; and I can no longer keep it a secret. I shall probably never see my grandfather again, (a worthy believer in Universalism,) but I wish you to inform him, that I believe the doctrine without the shadow of doubt, and that I die rejoicing in the faith; and I wish all my friends and the world to know it." This narration is found in the "Memoirs of the Life of Rev. Nathaniel Stacy," recently published.

Mrs. Mary Ann Putney, of Boston, died January 13, 1839, aged 32. She was educated a Baptist, and never attended upon Universalist preaching till a

few months before the commencement of her illness. Her knowledge, therefore, of the doctrine of infinite benevolence was chiefly gained on a sick-bed. It was here that she became instructed and confirmed in this glorious and consoling faith. Being ardently attached to her friends, and having around her all the comforts of life. she manifested, during the early part of her sickness, a great desire to live, though she never, on any occasion, expressed a single fear in regard to the future world. It was ever a great comfort to her to hear the Scriptures read and explained. She delighted to hear of the mercy, love and faithfulness of God; of what he had promised to do for his children, and of that manifestation of his grace made through the mission of Christ. In these themes she found unspeakable consolation, and ever felt her heart refreshed and comforted when they were dwelt upon by her pastor.

As her distressing complaint increased, and she saw herself sinking into the arms of death, she not only became more firm in her hopes, but perfectly resigned and willing to die. There was no gloom hanging around her; all was brightness and glory. True, she was about to be separated from her husband and child, her friends, and all the endearments of life; but then she was going to her Father in heaven; to the company of the Redeemer and the redeemed. Not only so — she felt that the separation from those she loved was only for a short time; that she should soon meet them again, and in a world where parting would be unknown. She was, therefore, happy. A few weeks before her death she was visited by a believer in the doctrine of endless woe, who sought to shake her faith, but his efforts were fruitless. She told him that her trust was unwavering; and three

times did she say, "I am willing to die — I am resigned to the dealings of God," before the inquirer would desist.

"It was a blessed privilege," writes her pastor, "to stand by her bed-side, and witness her composure and resignation, and see how true faith can enable one to triumph over death. On one occasion she said, 'How much comfort there is in the belief that God is our Father — a Father of infinite faithfulness and love.' At another time she said, 'O, were it not for a belief in God, and for the hope of immortal life and blessedness beyond death, I should be miserable!' When I was speaking to her of the mission of Christ and the excellences of his religion, she said, in the language of the poet,

'My Jesus hath done all things well.'

A short time before her death, she said, 'I am almost home.' She felt that here she was a stranger and pilgrim, that her continuing city was in heaven; and she longed for the time to come when her journey should be ended, and she should be welcomed to her Father's house on high."

Mrs. Betsey Morris, of Cincinnati, Ohio, died May 15, 1841, aged 56. A minister of our faith, resident in that city, writes thus of her last days: "The scenes of her death-bed afford another powerful example of the glorious influence of Universalism in death. For more than twenty years she had been a member of the Methodist church, and a more exemplary one the church did not contain, as all who knew her will testify. But she found that her doctrine failed as she approached death; it would not afford

consolation. All her family had supposed her firm in the belief of endless punishment up to the day before her death. They supposed her to be very much opposed to Universalism, till a few hours before her decease; when she declared to them that she could not die in peace with her former faith, — that it afforded her no quiet, but rather distress. She therefore renounced the doctrine before them all, and declared her unshaken faith in that of universal salvation. To the utter astonishment of her friends, she sent for the writer to visit her. I went. She told me that she had no doubt of the salvation of all men; that her faith was strong in it, and that she died without a fear or a doubt. She was anxious to go. She then requested me to preach her funeral sermon, with all the calmness that she would have made the most common request. And she left the world rejoicing in the gospel of universal salvation. This makes the third person who has renounced the doctrine of endless punishment and embraced Universalism in this city, to our personal knowledge, in less than one year, under the same circumstances."

Miss L. Lebold, of Cincinnati, Ohio, died in that city in 1841. She had once, in a time of religious excitement, under the preaching of the well-known Mr. Maffit, given in her name for membership to the Methodist Episcopal Church; but not finding that peace in her new religion she had expected, she became somewhat sceptical. Says one, who was well acquainted with the circumstances: — "She was suddenly taken with bleeding at the lungs, which terminated in consumption. In the day which tries men's souls, she sent for the Methodist ministers to visit her. They came, talked and prayed with her

several times, and although she seemed satisfied that the Bible taught the doctrine of endless punishment, and that it was her duty to receive it, she found them 'physicians of no value.' Instead of giving her comfort, their views caused her extreme wretchedness; and I verily believe that, had they continued their visits, she would have been made a maniac.

"Under these circumstances she sent for the writer. I visited her every day, save once, from the Wednesday before, to the day of her death, the next Monday. I found her in a hopeless state of mind; but pointed her to the word of God — to the gospel of Jesus Christ; and the result was, that just before her death she fully embraced Universalism, and died without a fear — peacefully and happy. She declared that she firmly believed the doctrine; and she found that it took from death all its terror. I was with her about fifteen minutes before her death, and the first words she uttered, when I entered the room, were, 'O how happy I feel!' She was then evidently dying. She could not find words to express her gratitude that she had been led to thus believe before her death in 'the unsearchable riches of Christ;' and she thanked me over and over again for directing her to the truth of the Bible on this subject. I have never seen a fuller example of the power of the gospel to sustain the soul in death.

"Miss L. was an amiable and intelligent young lady, and, possessing a strong mind, she weighed well the arguments in reference to our faith, and embraced it understandingly. She fully tested one doctrine, and found it not good to die by. She received the grace that bringeth salvation to all men, and departed rejoicing."

Rev. Elias Harmon died in Aurora, N. Y., in July, 1844. He was a respectable clergyman of the Baptist denomination. He first avowed his faith in Universalism upon his death-bed. He had for some time previous been much inclined to accept its evidences, but did not make a public profession of it. As his end drew near, he could not leave the world without adding his dying testimony to the truth of the doctrine, and its consoling influence upon his own mind. It opened to him "a new heaven and a new earth," as he passed from the mortal to the immortal.

Miss Betsey Aldrich, of Swanzey, N. H., died November 9, 1845, aged 27. A faithful hand has given us a few precious items of her history. She had been stricken with the affliction of bereavement. A lovely brother had been taken from her in his early manhood; and then, in years afterward, she watched unweariedly over a sister who went gradually down to the grave. This last blow came heavily upon her, as it removed from her society the dearest loved associate of her youthful days. Soon the destroyer's hand was upon her. And now, for the first time, the great realities of death and the future came in their greatest force to her mind. Says our informant: "She now began seriously to reflect upon her condition. A few days would witness her departure from this world. Where is she going? What will be her destiny when she shall have passed beyond the portals of time? These are questions which force themselves upon every soul at some point in their earthly career, and they now came up in her thoughts with thrilling interest. In the language of the world, she had lived a blameless life. Her soul was free from the guile of heinous sins. She feared not

for herself. But she thought of others. Kind friends had she, who were endeared to her by ten thousand ties, and she could not bear to leave them with the thought that she might never meet them again. She had been accustomed to look upon God as a partial being, who would separate his children in the future world, and thus destroy the ties that united kindred hearts. But this chilling sentiment afforded her no enjoyment. Dark clouds settled down around her, and shut out the sunlight of hope. The future was all fearful, and she dared not tread the gloomy vale alone. No kind Saviour with outstretched arms beckoned her onward. She struggled with her disease, but in vain.

"A few days passed, and how changed that scene! The light of her Father's love, in all its fulness and beauty, broke in upon her distracted soul, and dissipated all her doubts and fears. Peace and joy had taken possession of her mind. Her faith had become enlarged, and now she looked upon all the family of man as destined to the same happy home. Her confidence in God's universal goodness was unfaltering, and she wondered how she could ever distrust a Being whose acts are all prompted by undying love. And, so trusting, she departed."

Miss Sarah A. Bragg died in Swanzey, N. H., July 28, 1846, aged 21. She had been educated in the faith of the Baptist Church, of which church she was a member for several years before her death. She was suddenly taken down by sickness. The trials of her mind were great when she realized that she must soon leave the world. Her faith failed to give her the comfort she needed. She studied the Scriptures, and gained new encouragement from their

pages, until at last the truth of the great salvation burst in upon her soul. Then her joy was full.

"Never," says her pastor, "shall I forget my last visit to her. It was a quiet spring evening. Nature was budding forth into life and beauty, and holy voices seemed borne on every breeze, speaking of the goodness of the all-wise and omnipotent Creator. With devout feelings of gratitude, inspired by such a scene, I entered that room where lay a fellow-being just ready to leave earth with all its attractions. But, behold! resignation, peace, and joy are there. Death has no terrors for such a soul. When asked if she regretted leaving her friends, 'No,' said she, 'I shall be separated from them only a few days. I have a sister in heaven whom I long to welcome. My friends will come to us, and then we shall all rejoice together.' She spoke feelingly of the evils of bigotry and sectarianism among professed Christians, which she had so bitterly experienced. 'Would that those who profess to worship the same God, trust in the same Saviour, draw their faith from the same source, and expect to dwell finally in the same happy home, might manifest more sympathy towards each other, and so live here, that when they enter heaven they may not meet *as strangers in a strange land.*' She derived much satisfaction from reading 'The Christian Comforter,' especially the essays upon the 'Recognition of Friends in the Future State,' and rejoiced in the belief that she should meet her friends face to face in the spirit-land, and converse with them concerning the scenes through which they have passed here. Celestial spirits visited her in her slumbers, and the most soul-enchanting music soothed her pains, and cheered her through the lonely night watches. She delighted to hold communion with

her Heavenly Father, in whom she reposed unwavering confidence. The language of her spirit was, 'Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him.' After commending her to him who hath said, 'My grace is sufficient for thee,' I bade her farewell, and left, with my heart made better, my confidence in God strengthened, and my views of the future world brighter. I went to a distant part of the land, and in a short time received intelligence of the departure of this spirit in the triumphs of faith."

Mrs. Betsey Winslow, wife of James Winslow, Esq., of Punxsutawny, Pa., died February 5, 1847, aged 48. The people among whom she lived in Pennsylvania were principally Methodists. Some years since a friend in New England sent the "Trumpet" to her husband, and after it had been received two or three years, it was requested that it might be stopped. It was accordingly done. But when the lady was taken sick, and found herself gradually failing, she thought of the paper again; and requested her son, himself a Methodist, to write to have it sent to comfort her in her days of decline. The son, faithful to his mother's wishes, wrote, and the paper was again sent. She received it like "cold water to a thirsty soul." She read it seriously, and with all the attention her failing powers could exert; and the result was that she died rejoicing in the belief of the final holiness and happiness of all mankind.

Mrs. Hannah G. Dennett, of East Cambridge, Mass., died March 12, 1847, aged 38. The minister who most frequently attended her in her last illness, writes: — "She was educated under the influence of

a faith widely different from that which smoothed for her the pillow of death; and though long since enabled to perceive the utter inconsistency of any and every system of religion which did not recognize God as the Father, Jesus as the Saviour, and heaven as the home of all men, still early impressions clung to her, till death itself was staring her in the face. 'Never,' was her language to me on a certain occasion, 'never have I been entirely free from them till since I have been prostrated on this sick-bed. Here have I meditated upon God's goodness, and communed with him in prayer, till every doubt has fled, and I can now trust myself unreservedly in his hands.'

"It is true, that, at first, she could hardly bear the thought of bidding adieu to earth. How could she leave those two dear little ones who so much needed her counsel and support? Long since had they been called to part with their father, — for he had died in South America about eight years ago, — and how could she, with all a mother's love burning and throbbing within her heart, commit them to the cold charity of the world? At this stage of her sickness she spoke to me one day of her children. I repeated the language of David, 'When my father and mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up.' 'Yes, yes, I know it,' exclaimed she, and her eye brightened at the thought; 'that is the text from which my mother's funeral sermon was preached, and God has fulfilled the promise to me, and therefore will I trust him for those whom I must leave.'

"A few days after I called again. As she extended her hand, I saw a faint smile wreathing her pale, sad countenance. There were tears in her eyes, — but joy was in her heart. Her feelings were too deep for words. She had that day given her little

girls into the hands of those who had offered to adopt them, and who, we doubt not, will, as far as possible, supply the place of the parents they have lost. 'Now,' said she, 'I can die in peace. God has twice fulfilled his word to me and mine. Now welcome the hour that shall set me free from pain and sorrow, — welcome the Master's summons to depart, and be at rest.'

"Again, when I visited her, she spoke of the many peaceful and happy thoughts which dwelt in her mind, and of the delight which she experienced in meditating upon the precious promises of God, and upon the untold joys of heaven. 'Ah!' continued she, 'how many are the blessings of the sick-room, — how much has our Father given us for which to be grateful, even there!' With the desire of testing her faith, I replied, — 'You know it is often said, sister, that the faith which we cherish will do to live by, but that it cannot support us in the solemn hours of sickness and death. Do you now find this remark true, or is your faith sufficient to answer every want of the mind?' The reply I shall never forget: 'It is good,' said the dying woman, 'to live by; would that I had lived closer by it; and it is blessed indeed to die by, for had it not been for this, I could not have lain here and suffered as I have, only praying that I might have grace and strength to say, 'Even so, Father, for so it seemeth good in thy sight.'

"And thus did she linger on through many long and painful days and nights. But as she lingered, it seemed that her faith grew stronger and firmer. Often would she speak of the companion, and of the brothers and sisters, who had gone before; often, in her dreams, did she meet and converse with them, and imagine that they were hovering around her bed,

and waiting to bear her to her enfranchised home; till at length she calmly and sweetly fell asleep."

MR. CHARLES LEACH, of Orland, Me., died in April, 1847. He had been an intense sufferer for more than twelve years, most of which time he was confined to his bed. His minister writes of him: "For several years past he has been wholly unable to move himself in bed. Formerly he was a Methodist. Such was his belief when taken sick. During his long sickness the Bible was his constant companion, and by the frequent perusal of its sacred pages he came to a knowledge of the truth — a full and sincere belief in universal salvation. This was the theme upon which he ever delighted to converse. Never, during the writer's life, has he witnessed such indubitable evidence of the joy-inspiring and hope-sustaining influence of true gospel faith. He would continually urge this doctrine upon the attention of all who visited him. Clergymen and laymen of different faith endeavored to change his opinions, but in vain; he could not be moved, having a reason always for the hope he entertained. Death had no terrors to him; he was anxious to depart, yet willing to await the pleasure of the Lord. The writer visited him a few days previous to his death, at which time he selected a text and hymns for his funeral, with as much complacency as he would give directions concerning any temporal affair. He was asked if his faith failed him as death approached. He replied, 'No, it grows stronger and stronger. I have been told that Universalism will not do to die by. I know now that it is false. It has been my support through all my trouble and sickness, and now that I am about to die, it affords me peace and consolation, unfailing faith and

a glorious hope.' His property was long since all spent in the hope of finding relief from his disorder; but in vain. For years he and his family had been mostly supported by charity. He frequently spoke in terms of gratitude of friends in Boston who afforded him relief while in that city seeking to restore his health."

Mrs. Nancy Barnes, wife of Mr. Alfred Barnes, of Thompson, Ct., died December 26, 1847, aged 51. A faithful minister informs us: — "Mrs. B. had been brought up to believe in the popular religion (I think) as held by Presbyterians. She was a remarkably quiet woman, and hence said little of her peculiar views among those who differed from her. During my residence in her neighborhood for six years, she treated me with much kindness; but never lisped a syllable, as though she did not believe in Universalism. But something more than a year ago, she took a severe cold, and from the effects of it she never recovered. Her frame gradually wasted, nor from the first did she experience, as most consumptive patients do, seasons of apparent improvement. It was no winding pathway to the grave, bending here and there to catch the sunshine of hope; it was direct and undeviating. She herself, long beforehand, understood the fatal termination, and made all the necessary arrangements. And while the body was dying, the spirit was putting forth its blossoms, and breathing fragrance upon all around. Her religious views expanded as she neared the home of her Father; and long before she left the earthly, she seemed to speak from the heavenly. She frequently expressed a desire to see the writer, and at last charged her husband to send for me to attend her funeral, and to tell me

of her conversion; and, accordingly, I had the melancholy satisfaction of uniting with Br. B—— in the funeral solemnities, to which a very large audience gave attendance. It was pleasant to look back upon her quiet home-life, and to see its close so bright with the spiritual radiance of the world to come. She was perfectly happy, desiring to depart and be with Christ; and when some sympathizing friend would express the hope that she might recover, her words and her countenance said, 'I hope not.' She was anxious that the world should know that she died a Universalist. She eagerly sought the communion of such — said she could not die in her former faith, and that the last was the happiest season she had ever known. It was emphatically a death-bed conversion to Universalism, and demands of us all devout gratitude to God."

Mrs. Ellen Eliza Borland, wife of Dr. W. H. Borland, of Cincinnati, Ohio, died in July, 1848, aged 25. In a letter, from the minister who attended her, to the editor of the "Star in the West," we find the following particulars. The letter was written very soon after her decease. "Prompted by her early religious training, Mrs. B. united herself, while in youth, with the Episcopal Church, and remained a member at the time of her death. Some two months since, being well persuaded that her departure was near at hand, she began to meditate calmly and anxiously upon the evidences and grounds of her acceptance with God, and her hopes of a blissful immortality; and the result was, — as it always will be with all who come to a consideration of the subject honestly and entirely free from all self-righteousness, — she could see no way by which she could have a satisfactory hope for herself,

unless that hope embraced the whole world. She was compelled to avow her belief in the ultimate holiness and happiness of the entire family of man.

"Having embraced this faith she was solicited to see and converse with some of its advocates. I can never forget my first and last visit at her bed-side. At my first I was peculiarly impressed with the great manifestation of satisfaction when I spoke of the character of God, and the sublime assurances of His Holy Word. 'Now,' said she, 'I am unacquainted with your people and their customs, but if it will be agreeable to you, I desire to have the Lord's Supper observed here in my room; and I wish to join your church!' The following Sabbath afternoon I administered to her the emblems of Christ's broken body and shed blood; others being present with me. At my last interview, but a day or two before her departure, she said there was one thing more that I must do, and that was to sprinkle and consecrate her little infant daughter. She retained her senses to the last, and gave every evidence of a perfect resignation to the will of God. Her death was calm and peaceful."

Mrs. Ann Tracy, of New York city, died January 22, 1849, aged 26. Mrs. T. was a member of the Presbyterian Church, and, up to the time of her last illness, had given no intimation of a change in her faith. But, in this closing trial, she found relief and blessing in the assurance of God's goodness to all, and in the hope of immortality for the whole race of mankind. One of our ministers, of New York city, who attended her, has written:—"It is sometimes asked, 'Did ever any one renounce their belief in the doctrine of endless punishment on a death-bed?' Yes.

The cases are not unfrequent. Not where persons have, by some sudden revelation, been convinced of its error, and of the truth of the opposite doctrine; but having thought seriously, examined well, and felt deeply, they have openly declared the utter inadequacy of the one to give support and comfort, and the sufficiency of the other. They have balanced both, and in that hour have expressed their preference. A case in proof have we now before us in the last days of Mrs. Tracy. She was educated a Presbyterian, and joined that church, of which she remained a member up to her death. During the long sickness and death of an intimate friend, she heard and saw something of Universalism, which suggested to her its great preference over a partialist faith. She examined the matter, and pondered it in her own thoughts. A few weeks ago she was taken sick, and grew suddenly worse. A short time before her death, when confident she could not long survive, she expressed a strong desire to see the writer. He called on her. She had no hope of recovery, but said she must soon die. She was perfectly calm. She said she had no fear of death; she had many friends in heaven, and she should soon meet them, and it would not be long before all the rest would be with her. She expressed her full faith in the salvation of all men by Jesus Christ, and the sweet comfort such a faith gave her; but how could she be happy if she thought some must be forever lost? The scene was solemn and impressive. She was rational, calm and happy till she died."

DEATHS OF MINISTERS.

We have now to speak of those, who, after they had taught others of Life and Immortality, and of the power of Christian faith to overcome the terrors of the common destroyer, were themselves called to test the strength of this faith in view of their own near and sure departure from these earthly life scenes. They have encouraged and comforted trembling souls, and have mingled their joys with those from whom the sting of death was taken away. And now their own hour has come. Can they abide by that teaching which they have so earnestly and habitually recommended to others? Can they, too, say, "Thanks be unto God that giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ?" So declare the records of unquestionable fact, which may here be consulted.

Rev. William I. Reese died in Buffalo, N. Y., September 6, 1834. At the time of his death he was pastor of the First Universalist Restorationist Society of that place. That dreadful scourge of man, the cholera, had been making fearful ravages in Buffalo, and, during its prevalence, none were found more devoted to the duties of a minister of mercy to the sick and suffering than he. At length he fell a victim to the destroyer, — fell in the work of duty, — as a good servant of God, of Christ, and of his race. One of the religious journals of that time thus speaks of the event: —

"The sickness which terminated his labors here, and his mortal career, commenced on Friday evening. All that medical science could do, was done in his behalf. But it soon became apparent, to himself at least, that the hour of his departure was at hand.

He spoke of his decease to his family and friends, with that mildness and composure which was a particular characteristic of the man. On Saturday he joined in prayer with Elder Tucker, of the Baptist denomination, and, at the close of his pathetic appeal to the throne of grace, twice raised his hands to heaven, and twice audibly repeated the deep, solemn *Amen.* After having made such brief arrangement of his affairs as the circumstances would admit, taken leave of his weeping family, and repeating, 'Come, Lord Jesus! O, come quickly!' he resigned his spirit to the God who gave it.

"During the short period (four months) he has resided in Buffalo, he had (as he had previously done in all places where he was known) succeeded in securing the friendship and unqualified esteem of a large circle of friends, who manifested their attachment by an attendance in the chamber of sickness, at the bed of death, in the house of mourning, and at the last sad offices of respect."

Rev. Henry M. Nichols, pastor of the Universalist Society in the West Parish, Haverhill, Mass., died in that place September 16, 1842. A letter from a neighboring minister, who knew him well, contains these statements:—"For about six weeks he had been suffering from an affection of the lungs. He fell gradually away, becoming weaker and weaker, until at last his frail body could no longer retain a spirit struggling to be free. His death was unusually easy, having previously fallen into a gentle slumber, from which he did not awake. Few ministers in their sphere of action and acquaintance have been more useful in their calling, more truly beloved in life, or more deeply lamented in death. It may be

affirmed most emphatically, that Br. N. 'died in the faith.' He wished me to assure his friends that his confidence in the religion he had preached to them grew stronger and brighter as he approached the tomb. He had no fears of death, no misgivings in regard to the future. To die, with him, as another said, was but to 'go home.'

"He was talented, amiable, and virtuous. He possessed no common mind; was liberally educated; had stores of native talent and sentiment; and, in his writings, clothed everything he touched with simplicity and beauty. He shone as a quiet, unobtrusive star, but yet he was a star, — a star of purity and beauty. But many knew not this; and this is the trait I would remark upon in this notice. His modesty was excessive. It was only equalled by his purity and talent. We can but regret this. The world ought to have seen more of him. It seems that he hardly knew his own mental worth; much less did he labor to manifest it to the world. But his friends knew him, and they loved him too."

Rev. Nehemiah Dodge died in New London, Ct., the place of his residence, January 3, 1843, aged 72. Mr. D. entered the Baptist ministry at the age of 19. He was settled at different times in Southington, Cheshire, Lebanon and New London. The church in the last named place was highly prosperous under his ministry.

After a ministry of thirty years in the Baptist denomination, his doctrinal views became changed. This was about the year 1821. He was preparing a sermon on the subject of Christian Hope, and comparing Scripture with Scripture, when the great thought was forced upon his mind, that the hope of

the gospel could not be more limited than the promises on which that hope rests. The truth of Universalism arrested his attention; but he could not readily receive it. Still, it gave him great uneasiness, and he spent almost his whole time over his Bible. He was resolved that, if it were possible, he would find the truth; and, after two years of patient and faithful investigation, he was led to accept as truth the doctrine of a world's redemption. This doctrine, at that time, was almost unknown in New London; and Mr. D. was excommunicated from the church he had so much aided, for believing in it. But he lived to see in other years our faith established and prosperous in the very place. After his conversion to the apostolic faith, he still continued to preach it, chiefly as an itinerant; although he was settled for two years as pastor of the Universalist society in Prince St., in New York city.

The subjoined account of the closing scene of his useful life is thus given by a ministering brother, who was witness of what he here records:

"It was supposed by some least acquainted with our doctrine, that Br. Dodge would have renounced it before he died. But he disappointed all such mistaken hopes. He knew in whom he trusted, — knew the ground on which he stood; and a long and painful sickness, and the prospect of approaching death, had no power to shake his faith in the great doctrines of universal love, and grace, and salvation. It was my privilege to spend a couple of days with him a little more than a fortnight before his death. He spoke very freely, and with the most perfect calmness, of death, and expressed the most lively faith in the ultimate ingathering of the whole redeemed race in Jesus Christ. I suggested to him that, in the event of his

death, I should expect to hear that he had renounced his faith, and inquired of him what he had to say on that subject. I told him that it was not probable that I should again see him alive, and desired him, therefore, to say to me what he would wish to say in relation to his faith. His reply was long, for he spoke with great interest and earnestness for twenty or twenty-five minutes, and presented, in a very clear and forcible manner, the leading points of his whole system of faith. It embraced the paternal character of God, Christ as a universal Saviour, the doctrine of rewards and punishments, and of the resurrection from the dead, and life and immortality beyond the grave. It was the faith that he had believed and preached for the last twenty years. It was this faith that sustained him under his sufferings, and helped him to contemplate death itself without fear. His last days were full of Christian resignation and child-like hope, and of a peace that passeth all understanding. No one who saw him and conversed with him, could longer doubt that 'Universalism is good to die by.' He enjoyed a heavenly frame of mind, and was anxiously but still patiently waiting for the hour of his change to come. A few days before his death, one of the lay brethren of the place was with him. 'Where two or three are gathered together in Christ's name,' said Br. Dodge, 'there he will be in the midst of them.' He then requested this brother to pray with him and his family. After prayer, he sung, as well as weakness and feeble voice would allow, the following verses:

'Jesus! the vision of thy face
Hath overpowering charms!
Scarce shall I feel death's cold embrace,
If Christ be in my arms.

Then while ye hear my heart-strings break,
How sweet my minutes roll!
A mortal paleness on my cheek,
And glory in my soul.'"

He continued in this frame of mind to the last.

Rev. Jabez Woodman, of New Gloucester, Me., died May 15, 1843, aged 67. He died in the same house in which he was born. He was a man possessed of more than ordinary natural abilities. He received an education at Dartmouth College, — having commenced his studies at that institution about the year 1779, and graduated at the close of the summer term, in 1803, being twenty-seven years of age. More than forty-four years of his life were devoted, almost exclusively, to the instruction of youth in the various branches of science and art pursued at the town schools and literary institutions established in this country. Soon after obtaining his diploma at Hanover he opened a High School in his own house, which was kept in operation till about six years ago, when he found himself obliged to discontinue the business on account of his advanced age, and other bodily infirmities. He was an efficient, a successful and celebrated teacher in the various departments of academical instruction, especially in mathematics and the learned languages; and perhaps we may safely say that the number of pupils who have received instruction from him exceeds *three thousand.*

He enjoyed the entire confidence of the people of New Gloucester, and was many times chosen into public offices by their unanimous voice. He officiated in the capacity of Town Clerk about fifteen years; and the faithful manner in which he discharged the duties of that important station secured to him in

after life the respect and approbation of the inhabitants of the town. Father Woodman was educated in the system of faith embraced by the Calvinist Baptist denomination. His father was a believer in the sentiments of that sect of Christians. When thirty-two years of age he made a profession of religion, and felt himself called on to preach the gospel; and soon after he became a public promulgator of the opinions held by the order of Christians to which his father belonged. He was never settled in any particular place as pastor of a church or society, but occupied, by choice, through the greater portion of his useful life, the double station of *preceptor* and *minister;* attending to his school through the week, and preaching on the Sabbath wherever his services were demanded.

He continued to preach his Calvinistic sentiments till about twenty years before his death, when his views became so extended as to embrace in the arms of heavenly love the great family of mankind. "He informed me," writes an intimate friend, "but a few days before his spirit took its flight to the land of rest, that 'he always believed that the eternal salvation of all who ever would be saved was secured to them in the counsels of God through sovereign grace. It is by grace through faith we are saved, and that not of ourselves, it is the gift of God through Jesus Christ our Lord; not of works lest any man should boast. I am as firm a believer in *election* now as I ever was. I formerly believed that Christ died for a *part* only of the human race, and that that number were *elected* for ceaseless happiness, and would certainly be saved. And when I contemplated the nature of divine grace, I saw that God must be partial if he loved some in the immortal state and

condemned others. I saw that if sovereign grace could save *me*, it could save *the whole* family of man. Grace, in my mind, became extended; I saw that all men were created for happiness; that God hath saved us and called us according to his own purpose and grace, which was given us in the Saviour before the world began; that Christ gave himself a ransom for all to be testified in due time; and that God is the Saviour of all men, especially of them that believe.'"

A report was in circulation that during his last sickness he renounced his sentiments. But it was without the least foundation. He said he had not the *shadow of a doubt* respecting the truth of the doctrine of the salvation of all mankind from sin and death through Jesus Christ. About two hours before he died he called his children to the bedside, and advised them to read the Bible, learn its doctrines, lead religious lives, love each other, be honest in all their dealings, and make the situation of their widowed mother as pleasant and agreeable as laid in their power. He then assured them that he was still strong in the faith of a world's salvation, gave directions about his funeral, and desired it to be particularly stated that he died in full possession of his reasoning powers of mind, and in the firm and unwavering belief of the glorious doctrine he had long rejoiced in disseminating to the world.

Rev. George Rogers died in Cincinnati, Ohio, July 6, 1846, aged 42. Mr. Rogers was one of the most industrious of itinerant ministers, and spent much of his time and labor, in the latter part of his life, in travelling and preaching in the Southern and Western States. He was an able man, logical and clear-minded — an interesting, though not a forcible,

speaker, on account of his voice, which was somewhat effeminate. But few men, however, could present more substance in speech in a given time than he. Several works of theology and of moral fiction came from his pen, and his "Memoranda," issued a year or two before his death, is a book full of interest. He was a welcome visitor, wherever he went, in all our churches; and his name is unalterably identified with the history of American Universalism. An account of his last days is thus given by an intimate friend and ministering brother:—

"Did the doctrine he had so long proclaimed, and so ably defended by his pen, sustain him in his last hours? We are happy to be able to answer such questions, from frequent conversations with him, and the testimony of others to whom he freely communicated his thoughts at different times. It may be said, with peculiar emphasis, that *death to Br. Rogers had not a single terror*. On one occasion he said to Br. Williamson, 'I have travelled much in my life, and have beheld much delightful scenery, and have seen much beautiful country; but it is all nothing in comparison to the beautiful country to which I am hastening.'

"'But,' said Br. Williamson, 'there is a dark valley of shadows between ——'

"'That is of no account to *me*,' quickly interrupted the dying believer; 'all I shall ask will be an easy transit from life. The valley of shadows is of no account. All beyond is bright and clear.'

"Such, indeed, was the constant tone of his thoughts and feelings, as expressed in various forms in conversation with his friends. Not a single cloud obscured the vision of his faith and hope; the sunshine of heaven rested ever on his heart.

"A few days previously to his departure, he gave a charge to Br. Thomas concerning his burial. 'I have thought much about a place of burial; and have decided on lying in the grounds of the Delhi Society. I organized that Society, and dedicated the meeting-house. It seems to me now that in reposing there I shall be in the midst of my brethren. In the quietness of the scene, with the beauty of nature all around, — I charge you to have me buried there.'

"In this tranquil frame of mind, cheered by the presence and attentions of his kindred and friends from day to day, Br. Rogers continued until the closing moment of his earthly career. Br. Abel C. Thomas and myself stood by his dying bed, and heard the last breath which proceeded from his lips. As it came forth, a most remarkable smile lighted up his countenance, — one that caused those standing around to lift their hands with astonishment, and break forth in exclamations of surprise. A moment before, his face had the appearance of solemnity, so that the change was more, if possible, than that produced in the heavens by a sudden burst of sunshine through a dark cloud. A sweeter and more heavenly smile probably never illuminated his face; a very remarkable circumstance, seeing that he never breathed again. He was buried at Delhi, in a very beautiful resting-place, according to his desire."

The following tribute to his memory, from the pen of one of our well-known American poets, Miss Alice Carey, appeared in the "Star in the West," soon after his decease: —

"How beautiful on the mountains
The feet of the righteous are!
How sweet is the silver singing
Of lips that are used to prayer!

Sadly sweet the winds are singing,
'T is the loving summer's tide,
And the moon is up, and flinging
Golden shadows far and wide.
Orchards on the hills are brightening,
And the vales are full of light;
But the heavy wing of sorrow
Darkly folds my heart to-night:
For on broken household music,
And the graves that round me lie,
And of voices hushed, I ponder
As the long, long hours go by.

"Whitened were the fields, and calling
For the faithful and the tried,
When first among the reapers,
By the way-side, fell and died!
And in Zion's pleasant places,
Where the living waters roll,
There is heard a voice of wailing—
There is heaviness of soul.
In my visions, up, my brother,
Thou art with me, even now;
Not all pale, and sad, and weary—
Not with death upon thy brow:
But as last in life I saw thee,
Shadowed by the angel's wings,
Pleading for the Cross of Jesus,
And for heaven and heavenly things.

"Can it be that they have laid him
Where the dark-leaved violets bloom,
And the willow's long green fringes
With their dimness veil the tomb?
Wild birds, may you softly gather
Round that still and peaceful bed!
Morning, be your rosy mantle
Lightly, lightly o'er him spread!
Turn, O pale and stricken mourner,
Turn thy steps aside to weep,
Trouble not with lamentation
The still beauty of his sleep!

But when summer's smile has faded,
And the pleasant flowers are dead,
And the yellow leaves of autumn
In the lonesome woods are spread,
Bring thy little ones about thee,
With their young eyes sweetly dim,
And with fervent trust, O teach them
How to live and die like him !"

Rev. Thomas Jones, of Gloucester, Me., died August 20, 1846, aged 83. He was a native of Narbath, Pembrokeshire, Wales, and had been in the Christian ministry upwards of sixty years. He was in early life a Calvinistic Methodist, in sentiment a follower of Whitefield, and was three years in Lady Huntington's College, when he was ordained, at the age of twenty-two, as a member of her connection. He was subsequently settled at Reading, Berks, where he continued six years, highly respected and beloved. During that time he became a believer in the doctrine of the "restitution of all things;" and, because he chose to make this doctrine prominent in his discourses, it was judged expedient that he should close his pastoral connection with the society; "but no reproach was brought against his moral character."

He was afterwards persuaded, by a letter from the Rev. John Murray, to come to America. He arrived in Philadelphia in 1796, and became pastor of the Lombard St. Universalist Society in that city. In 1804 he removed to Gloucester, whither he had been introduced by Mr. Murray, who had, several years before, removed from that town, and settled in Boston. Mr. Jones was pastor of the society in G. forty-two years,—about one half of his life. And no man, in any society or in any town, was more respected, as a minister, citizen, neighbor and friend, than he.

Much of affliction had this good father seen in life. He lost two sons, at different times, under peculiarly distressing circumstances. Yet his faith in the Divine Paternity gave him the power of endurance through these and other earthly ills. His last days were brightened with that truth which he had so long, so ably and faithfully declared to others. On account of his age and infirmities, he was obliged to discontinue his public services some years before his death. He was present in the sanctuary, however, as often as his health would permit. At last, he was obliged to discontinue his visits there altogether, and remain at home. But here he awaited patiently his last change. He was always ready to converse on life, and death, and the future, with all his friends who desired an interview with him. But a short time previous to his departure, the writer, in conversation with him, asked if his view of the future was as clear as ever? "Clear *enough!*" was the emphatic answer. In such faith and hope he left this present transient life for that which is immortal. The beautiful hymn, written for his funeral occasion by the gifted and departed Mrs. Mayo, we must subjoin: —

"Softly breathe the low lament
O'er the aged warrior, spent;
Weary, worn, he hath lain down,
Sleeping in his victor crown.

"Bear him down these aisles once more,
Gently through the old church door;
Let the green trees o'er him wave,
In his slow march to the grave.

"Give to earth its solemn trust;
Give to dust its kindred dust;

Lay within its narrow bed
All the perishing and dead.

"But the life, that made its shrine
In yon pale form, was divine!
An undying quenchless flame,
From the Lord of life it came!

"It has sought its source above,
In the Infinite of love!
Where, throughout a round of time,
It will rise through heights sublime!

"Through the ambient fields of heaven
Far, even now, that life hath striven;
Upward, onward, evermore,
Will the Immortal rise and soar!"

Rev. John Adams Henry died in Ludlow, Vt., December 18, 1848, aged 33. The subject of this notice was a native of Bowdoinham, Me. He was a talented, faithful, and very acceptable preacher, and worthy man. He was ordained as a minister of the gospel in June, 1838, in Sangerville, Me., at the session of the Maine Convention of Universalists. He was afterwards settled in Sidney, then in Skowhegan, Me., and in 1846 came to Ludlow, Vt., and commenced his ministry. His labors here were many and successful; but he was cut off in the midst of them. Another has written of him: — "As a man, in all the relations of life, he was just and upright. As a friend, he was sincere and devoted. As a minister, he 'profited above his equals;' for he gave to his profession an undivided heart, and consecrated all his powers to its labors and duties. As a theologian, he was sound and consistent; and, with the expansion and maturity of his powers, he carefully revised his views, and kept an even pace with the progress of

knowledge and theological science. Being a Universalist in mind and spirit, he was liberal, without being latitudinarian, in his views of divine truth. In his convictions he was firm and decided, yet generous and candid to those who differed from him in opinion. Industrious and persevering as a student, earnest and sincere as a Christian, and faithful as a pastor, his spirit lives, though his body moulders beneath the clod of the valley. 'He, being dead, yet speaketh,' unto those who once knew him, by the influence of a uniformly pure and exemplary life and ministry. His death was calm and serene, as his life had been unblemished and useful; and his spirit passed from the earth supported and cheered by the blessed consolations of that faith in God's unfailing goodness which he had so faithfully preached."

Rev. Asa Spaulding died in Walpole, N. H., November 28, 1848, aged 28. He was a truly excellent man and minister. He was settled for some time in Stoddard, N. H., preached for a while at Brewster, Mass., and would have remained there longer, had he not feared that exposure to the dampness of the sea-coast would be fatal to the health of his wife. Visiting Milford, Mass., and preaching a few Sabbaths there, he was at once invited to become the pastor of the Universalist Society in that town. He accepted the invitation; and having removed from the sea-coast, he hoped soon to be rejoined by his wife, and to spend a long and profitable pastorship in this place. But, as another has written of him, "Symptoms of a mysterious disorder commenced to show themselves in his own person. His flesh began to fail; his strength was greatly impaired. The inexperienced supposed that he was going into a con-

sumption; but the eye of the observing physician detected that his disease was on his brain. He began to grow very deaf; and he concluded at last to leave Milford and come to Boston for the best aid. Every alarming symptom rapidly increased after arriving here. His eyesight was partially affected, and, in fact, everything indicated a fatal malady at the source of the nervous system. By advice he went away from the excitement of Boston, to Walpole, N. H., where his feeble wife was residing with her parents. Here his death-bed was prepared for him, and here he died. His faith in the goodness of God, and the final happiness of all men, gave him great support and comfort in his sickness. He had no desire to live if he could not be useful; and when he realized that his time was come to die, he resigned himself confidingly to the arms of his Maker. He was visited, during his last hours, by the Unitarian clergyman, who stated at the funeral the satisfaction he enjoyed at the state of the dying Christian's mind. During his last moments he gave to his friends a message for an absent relative, who had told him his Universalism would fail him in his last moments. 'Tell him,' said the dying man, 'that I expected much consolation from my faith; but I have enjoyed more, *much more*, than I expected.' In such a frame of mind he died."

A minister, residing not far from Walpole, writes: "I rode six miles to see Br. Spaulding a few days before his death. He said, 'My life is well-nigh spent.' I asked him how his faith appeared to him in this trying moment. 'Oh,' said he, 'it appears beautiful! It is a matter of great rejoicing to me that I have done what I could for the cause of Universalism; for I believe that in all its main points it

is the truth of God.' He then spoke of his funeral, and desired that words of comfort might be administered to his feeble wife. 'We talk,' said he, 'about leaving our friends on the earth; but I derive much comfort from the thought that when my body is dead, my spirit, though invisible to mortal eyes, will still be with my friends on earth. I shall not leave them,' said he, 'I shall be with them.' I inquired if he had ever read Mr. Peabody's sermons on consolatory subjects. He said he had not. I think I have never seen a person with so much bodily disease who enjoyed so clear a mind. His sun went down without a cloud."

His wife did not long survive him. She was supported and cheered in her last hours by that same faith which had sustained and blessed her companion.

Rev. Thomas Bedee died in Farmington, Me., December 14, 1848, aged 77. He was a graduate of Harvard University, and was for nearly thirty years minister of the Congregational Church in Wilton, N. H. He was a pastor, also, in Eastport, Me., and in Norridgewock, and afterwards in Duxbury, Mass., and in Syracuse, N. Y. During his residence in New Hampshire, he was elected six or seven times Chaplain to the Legislature. He was also Chaplain of the Grand Lodge of Free Masons in that state for many years.

He became identified with the Universalist denomination in 1835, though he had cherished their faith for many years; being known, at a very early period of his ministry, as a Unitarian. The following account of his last moments is from the pen of Rev. George Bates, of Turner, Me., who, on hearing of his extreme illness, immediately visited him. "I had

feared that I should not find him living; but in this respect I was happily disappointed. I found him very low, suffering much from an affection of the lungs and a pain in his right side. He had previously had ague fits and coldness of the extremities. I found him calm and composed, and perfectly conscious of all that was transpiring around him. He greeted me with one of his blandest smiles, expressed great satisfaction in seeing me, and was rather anxious to take his departure to his heavenly inheritance. Though weak in body, his mind was sound and active, and he was strong in that holy faith which had supported him through many trials, and which he had warmly cherished for more than half a century.

"He observed to me that he had calculated to die on that day, as it was his birth-day, having completed his 77th year. The presentiment had been so firmly fixed in his mind that he should witness the last of earth on this day, that he seemed somewhat disheartened when he was informed that another day had actually commenced, and that it was ten minutes past twelve. He rested but little during the remainder of the night, and in the morning was very feeble; continued much the same until about three o'clock in the afternoon, when he became much worse, and we all felt that death was near. Here was exhibited one of the most affecting scenes I ever witnessed. The dying saint was engaged in prayer. He prayed for his children, whom he was about to leave, with great fervency. He commended them, one after another, to the care and protection of our heavenly Father. When his daughter, who is unable to walk, was brought into the room to look upon a living father for the last time, we could none of us refrain from tears. Said he to her, 'May God protect you and

your husband, and your little boy!' He then requested to be raised up to receive the last embrace of this daughter; but the scene was so pathetic and touching that I forbear a description. I then approached him, saying, 'Father Bedee, have you no word for me?' He threw his arms around my neck, and exclaimed, 'God Almighty bless you, Br. Bates! I am going, and soon we shall all go.' Death had for him no terrors; and I never saw greater composure, or more perfect resignation to the divine will. He seemed anxiously waiting for his passport to the better land. Several times during the day he was devotional, spreading his hands in the attitude of prayer. I could distinguish only a few words, such as these, 'Receive my spirit; I pray that my spirit may be at rest,' &c. Once he called for Greenwood's Hymns, which were handed him; and after he had put on his spectacles and examined the book for a few minutes, he calmly laid it aside. The time of his release had not yet come. At five o'clock on Thursday morning he expressed a wish to be wheeled round that he might see the sun rise. On being told that it was too early for that, — that it was more than two hours before sunrise, — he seemed disappointed, but soon dismissed the subject. Br. Blacker, being in the place, called in to see him about sunrise. He knew him readily, took him by the hand, and pronounced his name.

"About an hour before the closing scene, he made a strong effort to converse with me. It was with great difficulty that he could articulate. He said he could not say all he wished; but he desired me to preach his funeral sermon, and to do what I thought was right. I promised him I would do as he wished; and he then seemed at rest in his mind, calmly wait-

ing for a deliverance from this bondage of corruption into the glorious liberty of the children of God. At half past ten he left us. All that was left was the lifeless body, — the casket that had so long contained a precious jewel. He died without a struggle or a groan, which was a great consolation to us all."

Rev. Enoch Merrill Pingree died in Louisville, Ky., January 6, 1849, aged 32. Mr. P. was a talented, very industrious, and efficient man. His early literary education was obtained chiefly at the Methodist Seminary in Newbury, Vt. While here, he was a conscientious and devout Universalist, and defended the faith of his heart, though that faith was unpopular with all the teachers and most of the students of that institution. In 1837, he removed to Ohio, and there in the West labored with great success as a gospel minister. He was a very ready debater as well as preacher, and in public discussions with distinguished ministers of other sects, he did much for the promulgation of our common faith. At one time, as another writes of him, "He was the most noted, triumphant and courageous debater in the denomination. It is said that he held more than thirty public debates upon the grand questions that involve Universalism and its opposite in theology."

The subjoined description of this worthy man is from the sermon delivered on his funeral occasion by Rev. Henry Jewell: —

"As a preacher, Mr. Pingree was clear and concise in his arguments, pointed and frequently exceedingly cutting in his portraitures of the doctrines of the age, rapid in his delivery, distinct in his enunciation, happy in his appeals, fervent and affectionate in all his labors. He had but few equals as an effective and eloquent pul-

pit minister. While some, who knew his feeble health, urged him to speak with less energy, thousands hung with joy and delight on the words of gospel truth, as they came gushing forth from his earnest, glowing heart, — a heart always ready to sympathize with the fallen, to administer encouragement and comfort to the weak, but to rebuke with sharpness all attempts at religious fraud and spiritual hypocrisy.

"As a debater, he was honorable and high-minded; never permitting himself to descend to any low or unmanly reference to his opponent, no matter how much abused; he never attempted to take advantage of the prejudices of the people; but it was his delight to pour forth plain, searching, straight-forward Bible arguments, which not only enlightened but animated and converted the heart.

"As a writer, Mr. Pingree had few superiors. He was a ready thinker and a rapid writer. His labors have contributed greatly to enrich the columns of our excellent and widely circulated 'Star.' For ten years he had communed almost weekly with tens of thousands, who will cherish his name with unwearied affection. But few men of his age have written more. He was uncommonly industrious in this respect. It is estimated, by those who have the best opportunity to judge, that his writings would make thirty volumes, of medium size. * *

"And what shall I say of him as a student? Here is where he excelled the most, for here is where he seemed to be the most at home. He was a great reader; had acquired a good knowledge of several languages, and was perfectly familiar with all the leading theological views of the world, the grounds on which they stand and the arguments by which they are supported; and no man understood better

than he did, wherein those notions were, in many essential particulars, incorrect. In the hour of sickness he was sustained by the same truths, and unfaltering trust in Heaven's mercies, that he had so often recommended to others. And he could say, in the words of the afflicted apostle, 'None of these things move me, neither do I count my life dear unto myself, so that I might finish my course with joy, and the ministry which I have received of the Lord Jesus, to testify the gospel of the grace of God. And now, behold, I know that ye all, among whom I have gone preaching the kingdom of God, shall see my face no more. Wherefore, I take you to record this day that I am free from the blood of all men. For I have not shunned to declare unto you all the counsel of God. I have coveted no man's silver, or gold, or apparel. These hands have ministered unto my necessities, and to them that were with me.'"

At the time of his death he was pastor of the Universalist Church in Louisville, Ky. He had been long troubled in body with consumptive tendencies; and could not promise himself long life. He was well prepared for the event which seemed so surely approaching. Not many months before his death, fearing that his mother and friends in the East would be alarmed concerning the precarious state of his health, he addressed letters to them, in which he expressed strong hopes of recovering, and of being able to return to his charge. But, whether he lived or died, he entreated them to lean upon God. "We may as well," said he, "prepare for the worst, and hope for the best. Death has no terrors for me." Again he writes to another: — "Death seems to have no terrors for me, except from reflecting what may be the condition of those dependent upon me for protection

and subsistence. The 'dread of something after death' never once enters among my thoughts and feelings. Nor am I afflicted by reflections on the past. I have endeavored to do my duty towards Universalism, to which I have devoted the strength of my life, and almost life itself. Nor do I regret it. Having the same life to live over again, and even foreseeing all, I should be likely to live in the same manner. I feel that a man can devote himself to no higher and better cause on earth, than preaching the great truth on which our denomination is built." In many other words, of like import, did he write of the greatness of his faith, and of its cheering instructions in reference to life and death. His views were unchanged up to the last scene. His death was very sudden, of hemorrhage.

Rev. C. C. Smith, of Wayne, Me., died June 29, 1849, aged 87. The editor of the "Gospel Banner" writes of him: — "He was an old man, full of Christian principles, and ripe for immortality. For more than half a century he had been a minister of the Gospel. In early life he was the companion and fellow-worker with the celebrated Elias Smith, and with him succeeded in establishing what is now known as the *Christian* denomination. But some thirty years ago, his mind having begun to travel for light, he advanced to a knowledge of the truth which exhibits Christ as the Redeemer of all men and the Saviour of all men; and he could not conceive how Jesus could be the Redeemer of all unless he redeemed as many, nor how he could be really and truly the Saviour of all mankind, unless all mankind are saved by him in the covenant of grace. So he became a Universalist, or a Restorationist, and con-

tinued such till death. He preached a great deal, but preached, for the most part, gratuitously, being wealthy in this world's goods, and able to give his time and labors for the benefit of the cause. He was independent in mind, honest at heart, and most exemplary in life. Truly was he a Christian, and a Christian of the primitive school, evincing the virtues of godly sincerity, marked simplicity and incorruptible integrity. He cared nothing for fashions in religion, and looked only to principle. His religion was not a mere strict and successful morality; it was an evangelical affection of the heart which governed his whole life."

Till near death he enjoyed through life a vigorous health — a sound mind in a sound body. He sank under the weight of years, suffering little conscious pain. The faith which had cheered him in life gave him the needed support when he came to the gates of the grave. He feared no dealings of the Father with him, but resigned his being and all its interests into his paternal hand.

Rev. O. W. Bacon, pastor of the Universalist Society in Brewster, Mass., died July 20, 1849. He had greatly endeared himself to the people of his charge, and to all who were most intimately acquainted with him. He was a young man, and full of active zeal in his calling. He was an ardent preacher, and often made deep impressions in his pulpit services. His last sermon, it is said, was one of his happiest efforts. He was taken suddenly and violently ill, after preaching three times on the Sabbath. A neighboring minister writes of the death scene: — "The day before his death, the writer of this was with him during the most of the time. His case

seemed to me to be most remarkable; for, whilst enduring the most dreadful torture of which the body seemed capable, for many long hours, so that even the sight completely overcame nearly every one of the large numbers who flocked to see him, he seemed as calm in mind as though he had been sweetly reclining upon a downy couch, with no bodily pang about him. None could look upon him many minutes at a time without giving way to their emotions. We saw the hardy and weather-beaten mariner, who had ploughed the ocean far and wide, amid the wild storm and tempest unmoved, weeping as freely as the child. So was it with ministers, physicians, and others, there. And often, in the hours of bitterest agony, Br. Bacon would speak in thrilling strains of the happiness he felt in view of death. Raising his hands tremblingly, he would frequently call upon the dear name of his good Parent in heaven, craving his support and blessing. '*Death*,' said he to me, '*seems like passing through a green and shady bower, surrounded with bright and beautiful flowers, and borne along on angels' wings.*' Also, '*Death hath no sting but what this body of flesh affords.*' He was the happiest mortal we ever saw, in so much distress. Altogether, his death scene was most extraordinary. So all confessed, whatever might have been their religious views. It was a scene which thrilled and melted down every one."

Rev. Stephen R. Smith, of Buffalo, N. Y., died in that city, February 17, 1850, aged 61. He was one of the earliest laborers in the ministry of Universalism in the state of New York, and one of the most talented and faithful in all the land or world. His name is identified with the history of American

Universalism for the last thirty years. After travelling and laboring for a few years as a missionary in the first part of his ministerial life, he was settled in Clinton, N. Y. Thence he removed to Philadelphia, afterwards to Clinton for a short time, then to Albany, and finally to Buffalo, N. Y. In all these places he was distinguished as one of the rarest of men in moral excellence, and a preacher of powerful and commanding eloquence. All who have heard him in the pulpit can attest to the truth of this last statement.

Mr. Smith had labored for many years under bodily infirmity. He was inclined to consumption, and his active mind was too strong for his feeble frame. Nearly a year before his death he found he must, at least for a season, resign the charge of the pulpit. The society saw the necessity for it, and acquiesced in his decision. The man of their choice as his successor was the man of his choice. And now, relieved of all care, he waited patiently and with Christian resignation the closing scene of life. His faith grew brighter and brighter to the last. In reviewing his past life, he said he had every reason for thanksgiving, but he had also to regret that he had not been able to preach more faithfully the great doctrine of Divine Love and Redemption. His last hours are thus described by one who was an eye-witness of the scene: —

"Father Smith — Stephen R. Smith — is no longer with us. He expired last evening, at about sundown. We had been expecting the calamity, and yet, when it came, it did not come without a shock — a shock which will be felt, not here alone, but throughout the denomination. He had long been expecting and desiring to die. He viewed his work on

earth as done, and longed to enter his new sphere of duty and enjoyment.

"You know what his life was; and, knowing that, you cannot be at a loss to imagine what his death would be. All the circumstances preceding and attending his last moments were in the fullest degree characteristic of him. He looked upon that ordinance which ends life, as originating in the same benevolence with that which begins it. Death was, to him, a necessary event in existence, without which the great consummation of a glorious and happy immortality could not be achieved. Indeed, to one who saw him from day to day, it almost seemed as if he felt conscious that the invisible hand of his divine Father was leading him gently along into and through the dark passage between this and the future world, and impressing upon his confiding faith the full conviction that it was leading him only to his home.

"He had wished to die on Sunday, and his wish was gratified. When the bells rang for church in the morning, he listened to them with deep interest, and finally selected the bell of the Universalist church from among the rest, and appeared to listen to it with unusual pleasure. In the afternoon they rang again, but his senses had become more feeble, and he did not hear them. He waited until he thought they should have rung, and then asked for them — why they did not ring? The day was a very beautiful one, and closed with a lovely sunset; and with its close, in accordance with his own wish, in calmness, in peace, in purity, closed the earthly career of one of the best of husbands, — one of the best of fathers — one of the purest and most upright and exemplary of men, and one of the most eminent and faithful of the disciples of Jesus, and servants of God."

The following beautiful tribute to the honored man appeared soon after his decease. It is from the pen of Rev. Henry Bacon: —

DIRGE.

"With a victor's tread,
Through the Valley of Dread,
A saint of God goes on!
See his glory now,
That light on his brow,
That tells of the conquest won!

"Let no sound be heard,
Not a lip be stirred,
For the sunset hour is nigh!
Will he pass away
With the light of day, —
The Saint and the Sabbath die?

"The West is bright
With the sunset light,
The eye of the Saint is brave!
They are gone — both gone!
What a solemn tone
The chimes of the evening have!

"But lo! in the sky
What light greets the eye, —
O what doth this beauty mean?
Lo! the Saint of God,
The valley hath trod,
The glory of heaven hath seen!"

Rev. S. Miles, of Rochester, N. Y., died June 6, 1850. He had been thirty-nine years in the ministry, two of which were spent in Ann Arbor, Mich., the remainder in the state of New York. One who knew him has written: — "He loved his Bible and his faith. The Gospel was his delight. He was

happy when preaching it. He was glad to converse about it, for it was the leading topic of his conversation. He lived near to his Saviour. The future world and its glories were to him felt realities. He never wavered in his faith, and, therefore, his preaching was always accompanied by the stamp of sincerity. As a preacher, he was acceptable, and oftentimes peculiarly so. His ministry never did harm to the cause, but bears the uniform seal of usefulness. The walls of Zion have lost a faithful watchman. He seemed to have a presentiment that he should not live long. He mentioned the subject to several of his friends, yet with cheerfulness; for he anticipated the future with joy. He concluded an article, which he published in the 'Christian Guardian' of April 4, 1850, in reference to the death of that eminent servant of Christ, Br. S. R. Smith, in the following manner: —

"'A few more days, or years at most, will bring me to the period when I shall have preached my last sermon, and shall sleep my last sleep. When that time arrives, I hope the words, in Acts xx. 25, may be the subject of the speaker's discourse.'"

His last end was peace. At the funeral service his desire, as expressed above, was complied with.

Rev. J. M. Cook, pastor of the Universalist Church in Baltimore, Md., died August 14, 1850, aged 31. He was one of the most active and laborious of ministers, and an ardent lover of Christian truth. Before his coming to Baltimore, he had been minister of the Second Universalist Society in Providence, R. I. His death was sudden. A ministering brother, with him in the last hours, bears this testimony to his Christian hope and joy: —

"I found him in a state approaching collapse, and, from the moment I grasped his icy hand, I had no hope of his recovery. He, however, rallied somewhat, inspiring most of the friends with some confidence that he would be spared. The watching of more than twenty-four hours confirmed me in the sorrowful conviction, that he would never more stand upon his feet. It fell to my lot to open the matter to him. He received the tidings with the temper of a Christian philosopher, giving me instructions regarding divers worldly matters, including the disposition of his remains. When I asked him how his public ministry now appeared to him, he answered with earnestness: 'The doctrine I have preached, and which I have loved, has ever been the chief theme of my heart. It is so now — it will be so in death — and in heaven forever.'

"The life of Br. Cook was luminous with his love of the truth; his death was triumphant by the power of his Christian faith. It was a sorrowful position, to stand by the bed-side of a dying brother-minister; and yet it was being near the gate of the kingdom, to behold him so calm and resigned in prospect of death."

Rev. Menzies Rayner, of New York city, died November 22, 1850, aged 80. He was born in South Hempstead, L. I., and, while young, became a convert to Methodism. Before the age of twenty-one he commenced preaching as an itinerant of that denomination. He afterwards joined the Protestant Episcopal Church, and was settled as a pastor in Elizabethtown, N. J., Hartford and Huntington, Ct. He remained in the last-named place sixteen years, when, from patient and prayerful inquiry and study

of the Scriptures, he became convinced of the truth of the doctrine of universal salvation. He asked, and obtained an honorable dismission from Bishop Brownell of that diocese. He was settled as a minister of the last-named faith, in Hartford, Ct., Portland, Me., Troy and Lansingburgh, N. Y. He preached also statedly in other places; and, for the last years of his life, resided with his sons in New York. He possessed an uncommon share of talent, and wrote and preached with great force. He published much while living, in pamphlets and papers; was a keen and vigorous controversialist, and, withal, had not a little of the poetical in his constitution. He was one of the most affable and interesting of all men in social life.

Of his last hours, a minister in New York city informs us: — "During the last year and a half of his life, Father Rayner may be said to have been growing feeble, showing signs of decrepitude and decay. But his mental vigor held out wonderfully, till a few days before his death. For some months he considered it unsafe to venture far from home unattended; but when calls came to him to preach at a distance, he would cheerfully say, it was rather too far for him to go, but he would fill the place of any preacher who would go for him.

"It was only a few days before his death that any perceptible change took place, sufficient to create any anxiety about his immediate dissolution. When I saw him, two days before his death, it was manifest that his race was well-nigh run, for the sands of life were ebbing fast. He was rational, but there was a cloudiness over the horizon of his intellect, which indicated that the final storm was fast gathering. He made a few requests, and spoke of his confidence and

his hope. His mind could not be fixed but a few moments at a time upon a subject, before it would wander into the hoary mists which border the darkness of death. It was plain he could not long survive.

"The next day I found him much weaker, with not a gleam of hope for his recovery. The power of speech had left him, and he was suffering considerably in body. I remained with him that night. It was evident it would be his last. Just before midnight the messenger came, and a rather severe struggle ensued, during which he thought he must yield at once, and depart from us. His pulse faltered. The light of life flickered convulsively. His family were called, and we waited momentarily to see him breathe his last. During this time, I asked him if he was conscious of my presence. He pressed my hand. He could not speak. The struggle was soon over, and he continued to breathe less and less heavily, shorter and shorter, until just as the sun rose next morning, when, without a struggle or a groan, he ceased to breathe at all, and lay calm and silent in the embrace of death."

NEED OF FAITH IN IMMORTALITY.

For which cause we faint not; but though our outward man perish, yet the inward man is renewed day by day. — 2 Cor. 4: 16.

This is surely a cheering view of human life. It is a probable and practical view. There were those once living who could not only utter these words, but who felt the truth which is expressed in them, and whose blessed experiences are written for our "doctrine, correction, reproof, and instruction in righteousness." They are words of faith; faith in the unseen, through all this visible, material obstruction; faith, which, in the midst of the earthly and perishable around us, rests in that which is spiritual and eternal.

It is to meet a want of our nature that the doctrine of immortality for man comes to us in the Christian Revelation. If it were not so, the doctrine itself would be of little consequence to us, — no better than any item of speculative theology. If it were no matter whether men were or were not enlightened on the subject of their future destiny, — if ignorance in this respect were bliss, as some heathenisms and scepticisms would have us understand, then might we consider all this glowing and stirring announcement and description of the immortal state which we meet with in the Bible, as but so much idle dreaming, entitled to no earnest or reverential study on the part

of mankind. But we cannot rationally persuade ourselves into any such contradiction as this. What we find in the Scriptures on the future life commends itself to us from its adaptedness to the wants of our nature. He who in the beginning created all things, — whose expedient and exhaustless stores of good are revealed in every department of the visible creation, evinces his divine consistency in this blessing of revealed immortality to his offspring. There is a reason of this call to faith, as we find it in the New Testament. Man cannot truly be himself, cannot answer the ends of his creation, cannot fully exercise and employ the powers of his whole nature, unless it be in him. We need such faith,

To preserve us from earthliness. In other days, when these words of the apostle were written, there were those, who, although sensible that their outward man was perishable, had no renewal of life within. Their pursuits were in accordance with their views of life. Earthliness was predominant in them. "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die," was their life motto; and so they secured for themselves as they were able, a life of the senses. Most of the present world lies under this very dominion. It is the great error and loss of men that they see too entirely the temporal in all their enjoyments or aspirations. They look into the perishable to find the very indispensables of their satisfaction and chief joy; seek them in riches, worldly dominion and distinction; in gratifications and honors such as a breath can make or unmake; — not seeming to realize, till death lays his hand upon them, how they all vanish in his grasp, and leave the soul, unfed and unsatisfied, in moral leanness and famine. So do millions hold their earthly being at this hour, and call it living,

whom the beasts of the field could teach lessons of wisdom, and upon whom the heavens and the earth are looking with the solemn reproof of the Father of all. And why is it thus? Simply because such ones have no faith in any higher life than the present. I do not mean that they feel no indications of it; for these will break at times through almost any amount of earthliness: but I mean that they have not actual abiding faith in an immortal existence and progress of their nature. They do not even see through a glass darkly — do not see through anything an immortality, the film of sense is so over their eyes. To them, death is always an enemy, save when they desire it, or would rush upon it in desperation, to free themselves from evils which they have not the spiritual light and strength to endure.

It is from such bondage as this that Christian faith in immortality would secure us. It would lead us to put a just estimate on all earthly enjoyments; to look upon them as means only to ends beyond them; instrumentalities in momentary possession by which we may aid ourselves in rendering profitable the great calling of life. While it would instruct us to regard in its true value everything on which the sentence of decay has been past, it would learn us better than to make gods of any such transient enjoyments. Its lesson will be to us, "Flesh and blood doth not inherit the kingdom; neither doth corruption inherit incorruption. That which is born to perish, take not home to thy soul to deify and adore. Understand that life is more than meat, — that man shall not live by bread alone, — and that, if in this life only we have hope, then are we most demeaned, because our manhood comes nearest to the grades of animated creatures next beneath us in the scale of being. Be-

hold, I show you a mystery. This corruption must put on incorruption, and this mortal immortality. Awake, therefore, to righteousness; and while a mortal, having earthly habitation, consider the infinite reality of being of which this mere earthly is but the harbinger!"

And is there not, amid all the low and feverish engrossments of this world's life in the midst of which we are moving, a need of faith like this? Do not the moral outrages, and failures, and defeats, the ruined virtue and abounding sin which so afflict mankind, all speak, as with trumpet-tongues, the great want of a power like this, to raise man from the mire of sense, wash him, and make him clean in the streams of heavenly truth and salvation? Nothing short of such a faith can bring to mortals now the true glory of that life which prompted that utterance of the apostle, "Though the outward man perish, yet the inward man is renewed day by day."

We need faith in immortality to give us true conceptions of our spiritual nature. One may not be a slave to earthliness. He may be inclined to the enjoyments of the spiritual with which our nature is gifted; and yet greatly fail of the true ends of life from lack of vision in respect to the immortal destiny of our nature. There have been highly enlightened minds, unblest with the gospel, who have thus sought rest in spiritual contemplations, and have failed in their endeavors from the doubt and uncertainty which encircled the tomb. There are such minds now, even where the light of Christian truth seems to be shining most clearly. This light is not comprehended, and the greatest and noblest attainments of our spiritual nature all fade away in mere conjecture. To the inquiry of the soul, Will this inner conscious-

ness survive the decay of the body? there is no answering word. The seasons come and go in their perpetual rounds; the ocean-waves keep their everlasting motion; the sun sheds his light through the busy day; and the stars look down nightly in their glorious silence upon the earth; but nature reads us no positive edict concerning the spirit's destiny. And from want of this means of instruction she cannot give us the highest conceptions of spirituality which the mind is capable of receiving in this mortal state. Revelation does this. It brings life and immortality to light, not only to assure man of the fact of a future and endless being, but to give him the best possible conceptions of his own spirituality. It teaches him that he is linked not only to the earthly, but to the heavenly; that as he bears the image of the one, he will as assuredly bear the image of the other also; and that therefore the heavenly and enduring should be his great ideal of life, in which all lesser thoughts and contemplations should be absorbed. Give to the artist some great conception of a work he may perform; let his mind thoughtfully and intently dwell upon it, and how difficult it will be to draw him away from this meditation to attractions and pursuits unworthy the employment of his genius! So of that soul whose ideal of spiritual life is drawn from the ample and suggestive realm of Christian truth. Meaner attractions will not turn it aside from its high spiritual course. Its view of the heavenly will be the all-engrossing one. It will comprehend the meaning of those striking and beautiful apostolic expressions, "If ye then be risen with Christ, set your affections on things above, where Christ sitteth at the right hand of God. This one thing I do: forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth

unto those things which are before, I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus."

The soul thus instructed, will better know the value, not only of that which is earthly, but also of that which is heavenly. It will feel itself to be a part of the heavenly. Nature, before enigmatical to such an one in respect to his spiritual destiny, is now a perpetual confirmation of God's word in the gospel. Earth, sea, sky, — all change, decay and renewal, — all death and life conspire to instruct him in the imperishable of his nature. He can now feel his

> "Immortality
> O'ersweep all pains and groans and griefs, and peal
> Like the eternal thunders of the deep
> Into his ear this truth: Thou livest forever!"

An heir to a desirable inheritance needs to be instructed in his heirship ere he can appreciate it. We need the highest order of spiritual culture. What we have seen of this culture in human history raises our admiration of the race. Its best manifestations appear where there are brightest hopes of the endlessness of man's being, and his everlasting growth in the knowledge of the Father of all. "Every man that hath this hope (of the Christian) in him purifieth himself, even as he (Christ) is pure." It is in the highest ideal of our spiritual existence that we most nearly approach a true likeness of the Eternal One. This is the object of the Gospel promises, "that through them we might be made partakers of the divine nature, having escaped the corruption of the world." Jesus is made to us the risen Redeemer, that we might, in the spirit of his renewed life, prove ourselves true children of his Father and our Father,

his God and our God. Though he had come *down from* heaven, yet did he, while holding personal intercourse with mankind, dwell with his Father *in* heaven. And Paul would have his brethren remember that they had their conversation (citizenship) in heaven, while their calling in the midst of the world's strife was pressing hardest upon them. In such animating and sustaining faith, to live was Christ, to die was gain. The soul's heaven was everywhere. So may it now be in the unclouded light of faith in the immortal state. The brightest idea of the present life is, constant blessedness in the service and love of God. This is, also, the highest idea of immortality.

We need faith in immortality to console us under bereavements by death. These are among the chief afflictions of our earthly existence. The loved and the endeared, in whom the holiest interests of our being are bound up, are leaving us on every hand. We cannot assure ourselves of their goodly and delighting presence even for an hour. Truly as we feel that communion with them is unqualifiedly essential to our happiness, as truly do we know that we have no claim on their presence which may not be overruled in a moment by that power which has supremacy in the affairs of the universe. Yes, death takes our best treasures from us; and with what memories of his doings all mortal life is filled! What forms of beauty, of hope and promise, on which our eyes rested with an unutterable joy, suddenly faded away from before us into the mists of death! What sweet and thrilling voices have been silenced, what full and bounding hearts of strongest affection were made to cease their pulsations at his imperative command!

And how dark and insolvable the problem when no assurance of a reünion is given! And where can this assurance be found, but in "the glorious gospel of the blessed God?" that heavenly dispensation which bids us "not be ignorant concerning them which are asleep, that we sorrow not, even as others which have no hope;" but to receive, as a gracious gift of the All-wise and All-merciful, the fact that Jesus died and rose again, and that all those who sleep, shall, by his resurrection power, be brought in newness of life to the immortal home.

What more ample consolation than this can be given? Our departed friends, though gone, are not lost. Their bright and glowing existence, which once so helped us to life and happiness from its very diffusiveness, has not been dissipated forever in the chambers of the tomb. They live — live for others of like sympathetic and spiritual nature with them — live unto the great and holy God of all. They are as really in being as we ourselves are; and as truly know, and much more abundantly than we, the great realities of a spiritual existence. They are safe, too, in God's hands. The same love which created them has not lost its hold upon them. It still has interest in their welfare, as it had such interest while they were of the earth earthly, and as it can know no change. They are still children, and God still the Father. In all worlds he retains this relationship to those created in his moral image. He will deal with them in the wisdom of his paternal love. If instruction and discipline are needed, that he will bestow; if punishment, punishment. Whatever is for their greatest good, that will he see effected, "according to the working of that power by which he is able to subdue all things unto himself." "Safe in God's

hands," is one of the most truthful epitaphs we can inscribe over the earthly resting-places of our loved and departed. In the light of the immortal life, they attract us towards their sphere of being. They seem to us to have locality in this ample universe. They breathe again their life into our souls. They linger in our walks by day; "they visit us in dreams." Their voices from the heavenly state call upon us, saying, "Come up hither and contemplate the glories of our abode. What we are you shall yet become; for this is the will of the Father concerning us." They instruct us in a fulness of spiritual life which in the present we seem so poorly qualified to comprehend, but yet in which we feel at times that it would be an unspeakable gain to indulge. They reäffirm and give new sanction to that emphatic word of Revelation, "What thou knowest not now, thou shalt know hereafter."

And, lastly, we need this faith in immortality to enable us to meet our own change with confidence and joy. As surely as death has stricken down the generations that have preceded us, — as surely as his hands are removing from our earthly company the loved ones of our hearts, equally sure is it that we, too, must follow to the common home of all. The time for our departure may be near at hand or remote. But what are these terms, near or remote, when life and death, time and eternity, are included? The passage of years or days seems but as that of the "weaver's shuttle." Youth, maturity, old age; how near together do they come in the truest estimate we can make of the longest life! In conversation a few days ago with one who had in her own life numbered an hundred years, she spoke with evident deep feeling of the nearness of the days of her youth to her in

memory, and yet of the desolateness she experienced when she realized that nearly every one of the companions and acquaintances of this but yesterday in the swift passing of time, had gone down to the grave. Yet death seemed no nearer to her than it had seemed for long years. She was awaiting it every hour. So may we all be awaiting it; and that, too, without taking into the account so much the time as the certainty of its coming. This fixed, and we are the better prepared to receive its summons at any hour. True faith in the immortal life alone can give us this preparation. That will so clear our vision as to enable us to take the amplest view of the life that now is in connection with that which is to come. It enables the believer to say of himself, conscious of the wondrous being with which he is endowed, — "Thanks to the bountiful Father for the gift of existence! Thanks for its enjoyment in the present world, and for the assurance that in all other worlds where life can be, the same God reigns over all, blessed forever! Thanks for life's interests, emotions, delights, anticipations, realities; for its discipline, trial and change! Thanks for death, another great ordination of the same Paternity from which life issued! If life is mine, death is no less mine; and, since of God's ordaining, wise, and just, and good. 'Death is yours.' This is a promise, an assurance as much a matter of joy to true faith, as that longest life can here or hereafter be known.

"Death is my right. I was born to it; and have the same claim to it that I have to any other blessing which the infinite grace of the Father assures me is mine. It is my deliverer. Impediments now in the way of my advancement in truth and holiness it will remove. I shall see as I am seen, know as I am

known. To such a redemption death is essential. It is my pathway home; such a home as the Father of the great household has provided for his children, destined to share together his higher service in the heavenly sphere. It is my assurance of an endless life. Jesus hath so revealed it, whose whole mission so abundantly confirms and declares this life. He died and rose again, that he might be Lord both of the dead and of the living. Therefore will I wait God's time for life, or death, or immortality."

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